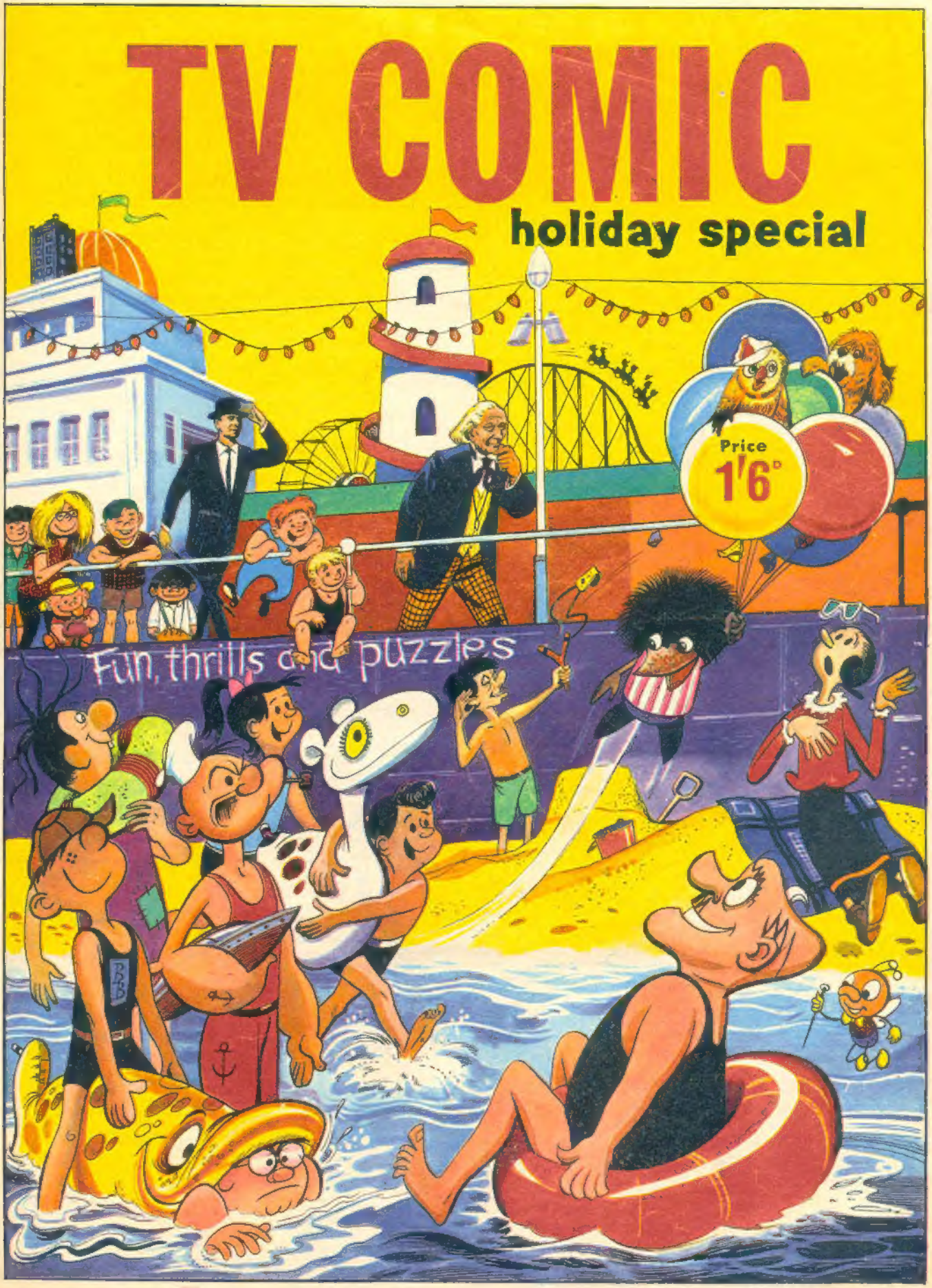
TV COMIC
holiday special
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Fun, thrills and puzzles

TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL

48 PAGES PACKED WITH FUN, THRILLS, PUZZLES AND STORIES

A letter from the Editor

Dear Girls and Boys,

We hope that you will enjoy reading this wonderful TV Comic Holiday Special.

You can be thrilled with The Avengers, and Doctor Who. Laugh with Tivvy, The Telegoons, Popeye, and other TV Comic favourites.

And still you will have pages of jokes and puzzles left.

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Do it NOW, then you will be able to enjoy a feast of fun and thrills EVERY WEEK.

With love from, *The Editor*

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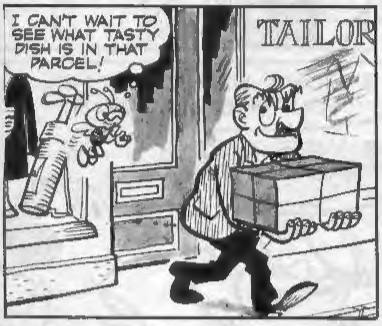
MIGHTY MOTH

MY BEST SUMMER TOGS! RUINED!
FULL-UP!

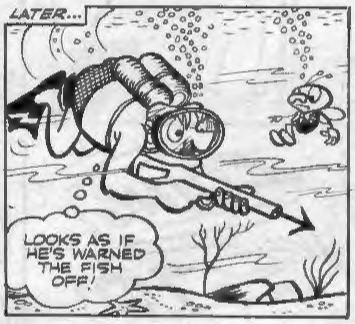
DAD'S OFF SHOPPING. ANOTHER JACKET FOR ME TO EAT I EXPECT!


I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT TASTY DISH IS IN THAT PARCEL!
TAILOR

S'FUNNY! WHAT'S HE UP TO?
SAUSY SUE

TWO MILES OUT TO SEA...
HERE'S MY NEW OUTFIT, MOTH. AN UNDERWATER FISHING OUTFIT!
OXYGEN

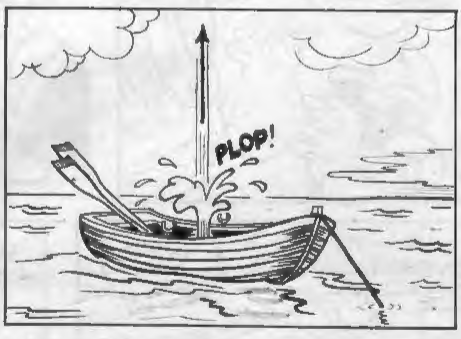
SO TAKE THAT FOR YOUR CHEEK!
CLONK!
SAUSY SUE


LATER...
LOOKS AS IF HE'S WARNED THE FISH OFF!

NEVER MIND! I'LL GET HIM INSTEAD!

FIRE!

MISSED!!

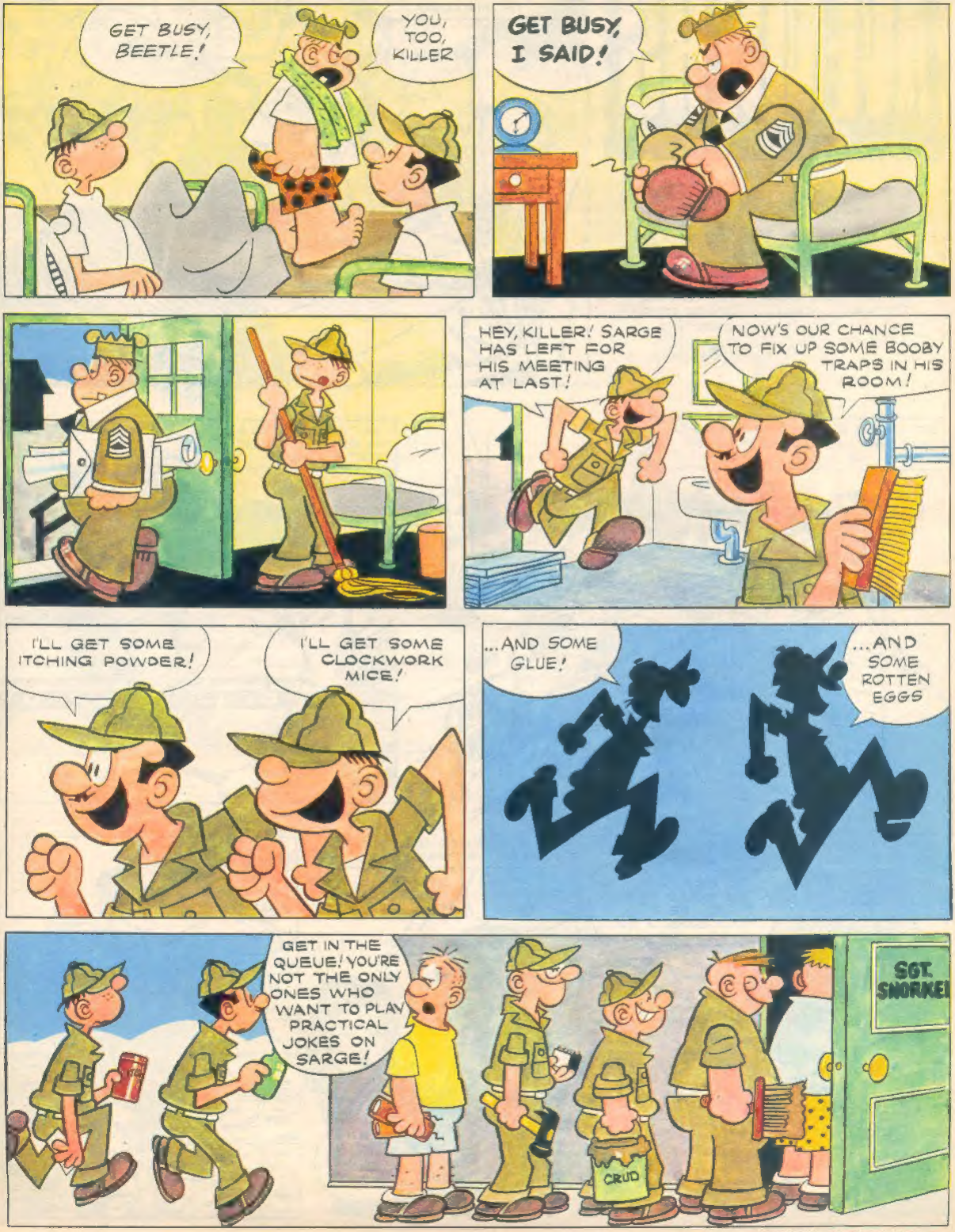

PLOP!

JUST YOU WAIT! I'M GOING TO THE BOAT FOR ANOTHER SPEAR!

WHAT BOAT?

CHEERIO, DAD. I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER TO SEND THE LIFEBOAT WHEN I GET ASHORE!
Dick Millington

beetle bailey


GET BUSY, BEETLE!
YOU, TOO, KILLER
GET BUSY, I SAID!
HEY, KILLER! SARGE HAS LEFT FOR HIS MEETING AT LAST!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FIX UP SOME BOOBY TRAPS IN HIS ROOM!
I'LL GET SOME ITCHING POWDER!
I'LL GET SOME CLOCKWORK MICE!
...AND SOME GLUE!
...AND SOME ROTTEN EGGS
GET IN THE QUEUE! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO WANT TO PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON SARGE!
SGT. SNORKEL
CRUD

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THE AVENGERS

A CRUISE LINER 'ORONTES' IS STEAMING SOUTH, FULL OF HOLIDAYMAKERS. STEED AND MRS. PEEL ARE AMONG THEM. BUT STROHEIM, A SWORN ENEMY OF STEED AND MRS. PEEL, HAS BOOKED HIS GANG FOR THE TRIP.....

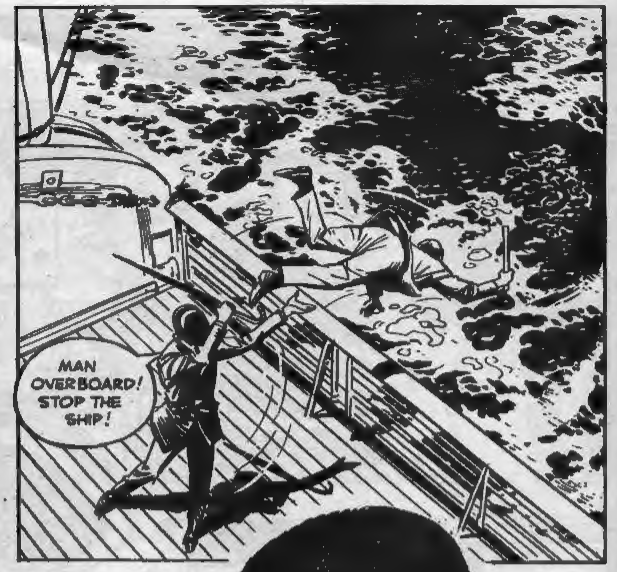
THE GANG MEETS IN STROHEIM'S CABIN...
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE DRAWN LOTS. NO. 7 IS TO GET RID OF MR. STEED AND MRS. PEEL! IS THIS CLEAR?
YES, MY LEADER!

STEED AND MRS. PEEL ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE MARKED DOWN BY THE GANG...
GOOD LUCK, MRS. PEEL! YOU SHOULD WIN THIS DIVING COMPETITION!

STEED FINDS A DISC ATTACHED TO THE GUNMAN'S WRIST.
NUMBER 7... HMMM. THIS COULD MEAN THERE ARE 7 IN YOUR GANG. IF THAT IS SO, THERE ARE NOW ONLY 6.

Published by arrangement with ABC Television Limited

NUMBER 6, I PRESUME!


MAN OVERBOARD! STOP THE SHIP!

NOW THERE ARE FIVE!

STEED USES THE WALKIE-TALKIE SET TO CONTACT MRS. PEEL!
MRS PEEL... THIS GANG HAS HAD TWO FUTILE ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE... IT'S POSSIBLE THEY MIGHT BE AFTER YOU NOW!

STEED WAS RIGHT... BUT EMMA PROVES TO BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HER ASSAILANT!

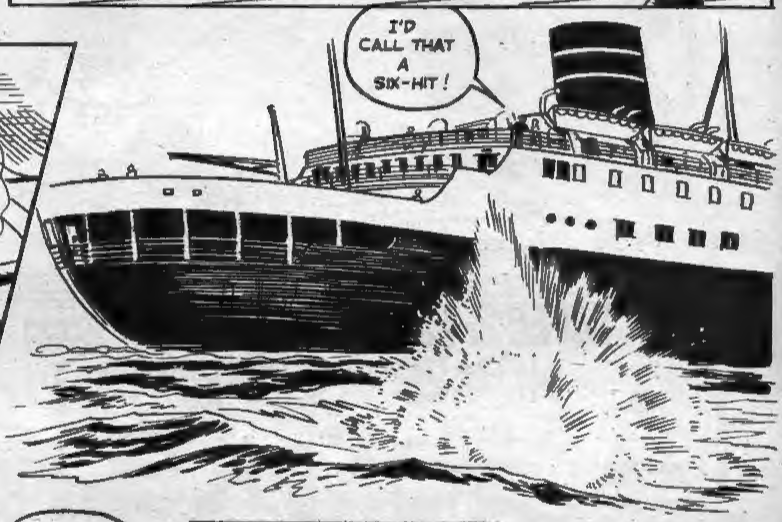
MAN OVERBOARD!
AAA-AAAGH!

THE SHIP STOPS FOR THE SECOND TIME...
WHAT IS ALL THIS? YOU STOP MY SHIP TWICE!
IT'S LIKE TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS, CAPTAIN. NOW THERE ARE ONLY FOUR!
STOP
SLOW
HALF
FULL
THE FOURTH MAN APPEARS...
YOU HAVE DODGED US FOR LONG ENOUGH. THIS IS IT...
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
OOOUUUCH!
STEED CAPTURES NUMBER FOUR...
SORRY, CAPTAIN, NOW THERE ARE ONLY THREE!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
MEANWHILE, EMMA IS DEALING WITH ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GANG...
ARGH! NUMBER THREE IS IN TROUBLE!
BUT WITH A QUICK JUDO TRICK EMMA SOON DEALS WITH NUMBER TWO...
ARGH! I'M STUCK!

STROHEIM IS BEWILDERED. HE IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO CARRY OUT HIS TASK...
THEY ARE AMAZING, THESE TWO... ALL MY MEN ARE GONE. I MUST USE THIS BOMB!

THIS WILL FINISH YOU!
...SO... IT'S YOU, STROHEIM!... MY OLD ENEMY!

PLAYED, SIR!

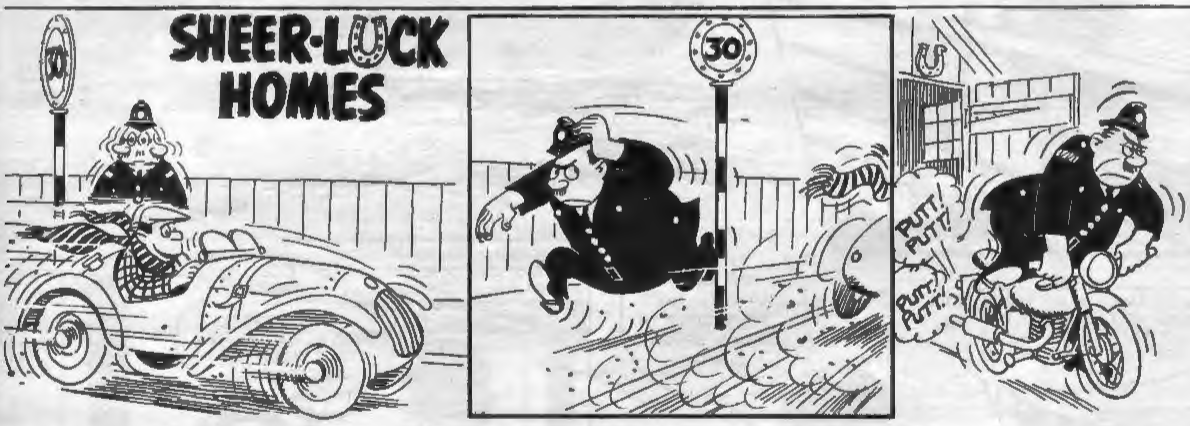

I'D CALL THAT A SIX-HIT!

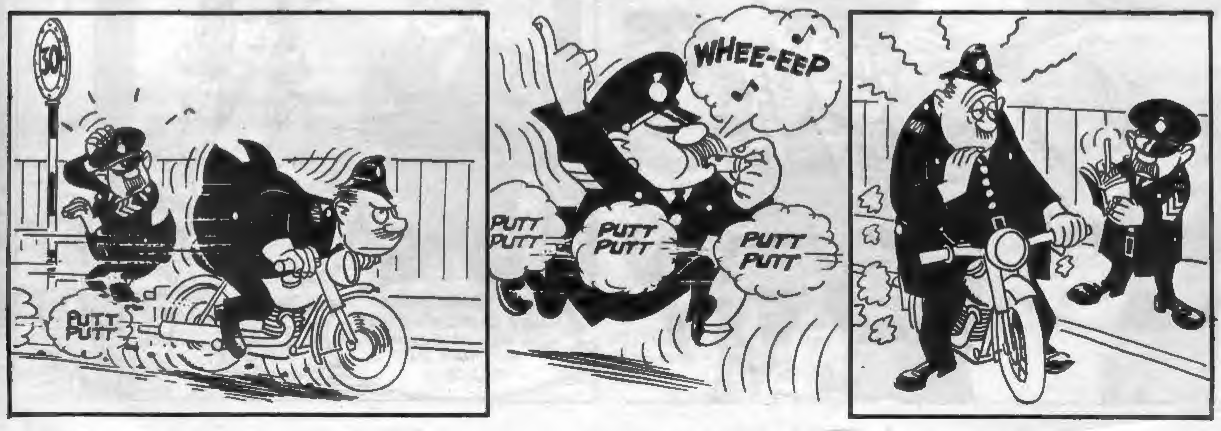
HOW MANY MORE TIMES ARE YOU GOING TO PUT MY SHIP IN DANGER? YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
THAT'S THE LOT, CAPTAIN... THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING SEVEN A SIDE!

AFTER EXPLAINING THINGS TO THE CAPTAIN, STEED AND EMMA RELAX ON DECK...
YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GONE WITH THE TEST TEAM TO AUSTRALIA!
AT LEAST I'VE SAVED OUR OWN ASHES... NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR HOLIDAY IN PEACE!

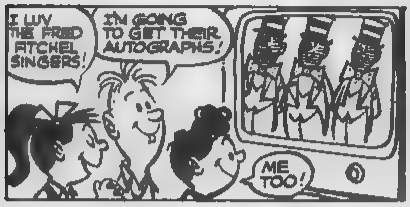
ANSWERS

1. Buttons	2. Killer
3. Monica	4. Eccles
5. Bluebottle	6. Hoppit
7. Sergeant Snorkel	8. Moriarty
9. Dad	10. Plato





TV TERRORS


I LUV THE FRED FITCHEL SINGERS!
I'M GOING TO GET THEIR AUTOGRAPHS!
ME TOO!

TV STUDIO
THE LUCKY MINSTRELS WITH THE FRED FITCHEL SINGERS

GET OUT AND KEEP OUT!

DON'T WORRY! I KNOW HOW TO GET IN!

COAL MERCHANT
THIS'LL TRICK THE DOORMAN!

HURRY UP! THE REHEARSAL HAS ALREADY STARTED!
HE! HE! HE!

YOU THREE ARE LATE - TAKE YOUR PLACES!

LA LA!
DE DA!

STOP! WHAT AN AWFUL ROW! YOU THREE HAD BETTER GO IN THE CORNER AND PUT IN MORE PRACTICE!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, MONICA! YOU CAN'T SING!
I SING ALL RIGHT! IT WAS YOUR FAULT!
PRESS IN CASE OF FIRE

OOO! A BUTTON!

AAHH!

EXIT
I THINK WE'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT THE AUTOGRAPHS!

Doctor WHO

THE TARDIS HAS TAKEN DR WHO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN, JOHN AND GILLIAN, TO A VERY BEAUTIFUL PLACE . .

OO! THIS LOOKS JUST LIKE THE PICTURES I'VE SEEN OF THOSE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS!

THIS IS SUPER!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE IDEAL PLACE FOR A HOLIDAY!

GRANDFATHER, LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING NOISE?

IT'S THAT VOLCANO! WE'D BETTER MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

I DON'T LIKE THE NOISE THAT VOLCANO IS MAKING!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, GILLIAN! WE SHOULD BE SAFE HERE!

BUT JUST THEN. . .

LOOK OUT! HANG ON FOR YOUR LIVES!

THEN AN AMAZING SIGHT MET THEIR GAZE

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BIG SAND-CASTLE!

COME ON, LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

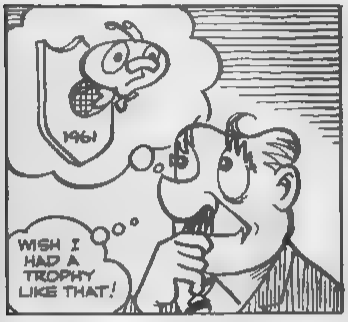
© BBC tv 1966

SOMEONE MUST LIVE HERE LOOK AT THAT COAT OF ARMS.
LET'S GO INSIDE.
MY DEAR SIR ER, MEAN KING NEPTUNE FORGIVE US FOR INTRUDING
YOU ARE WELCOME! I AM AFRAID I MADE YOU RATHER WET WITH THAT GREAT WAVE, BUT I HAD TO HELP YOU OUT OF DANGER. YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE IN HERE! THE VOLCANO WON'T LAST LONG. LET US EAT
THANKS FOR PROVIDING SUCH AN EXCELLENT FEAST, YOUR MAJESTY!
YES, IT'S WONDERFUL!
OO! LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND! A REAL PEARL IN MY OYSTER!
WHAT LUCK! I HOPE I FIND ONE TOO!
BEFORE VERY LONG...
OOH. A REAL PEARL NECKLACE!
SUPER! A GOLDEN SHELL...
GOODBYE, AND DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON NEPTUNE AGAIN! THESE GIFTS WILL REMIND YOU OF YOUR VISIT!
LOOK, GRANDFATHER, THE VOLCANO HAS STOPPED!
YES, IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE NOW. WE HAD BETTER THANK KING NEPTUNE AND THEN BE ON OUR WAY!
WHEN THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY...
GILLIAN, I CAN HEAR THAT ISLAND AND ALL THE SOUNDS OF KING NEPTUNE'S KINGDOM IN THIS SHELL!
IT WAS WONDERFUL! I HOPE WE CAN SOON GO BACK AND SEE HIM AGAIN!

MIGHTY MOTH

OUT OF MY WAY, MOTH. I'M OFF TO SEE MAJOR GRUMBLE, THE BIG GAME HUNTER!
WHACK!

GOT HIM IN KENYA BACK IN '36.


1961
WISH I HAD A TROPHY LIKE THAT!

CAN I BORROW YOUR ELEPHANT GUN, MAJOR?
CERTAINLY.

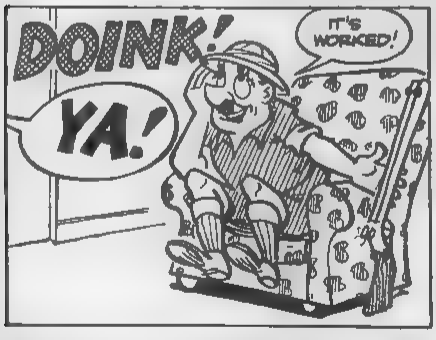
LATER...
TROPICAL OUTFITTERS
I'M OFF ON A MOTH SAFARI.

IN THE GARDEN...
THAT'S THE TRAP MADE.

A BIT OF CLOTH FOR BAIT.

NOW TO WAIT INDOORS.

WHAT'S THIS BIT OF OLD CLOTH DOING HERE?


DOINK!
YA!
IT'S WORKED!

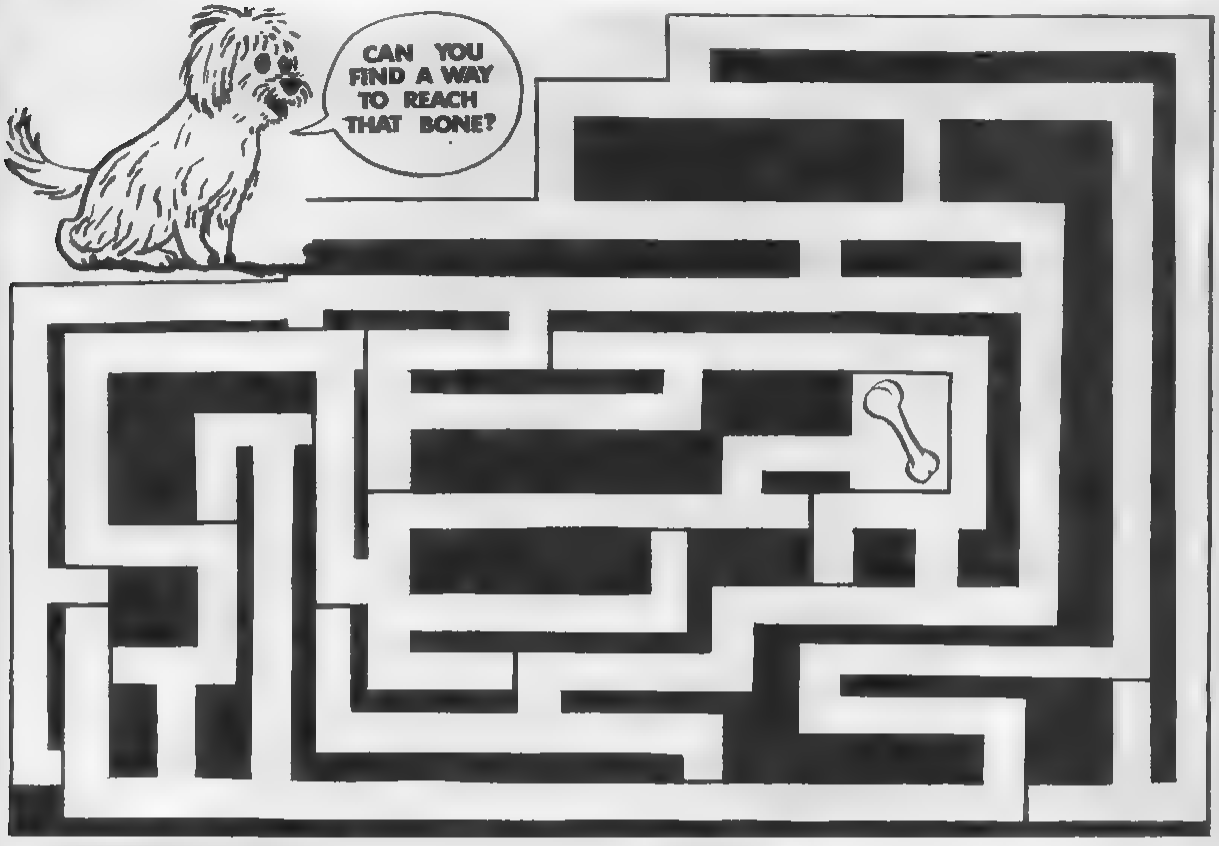
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

LATER...
THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING, MOTH!
D-D-DON'T SHOOT!

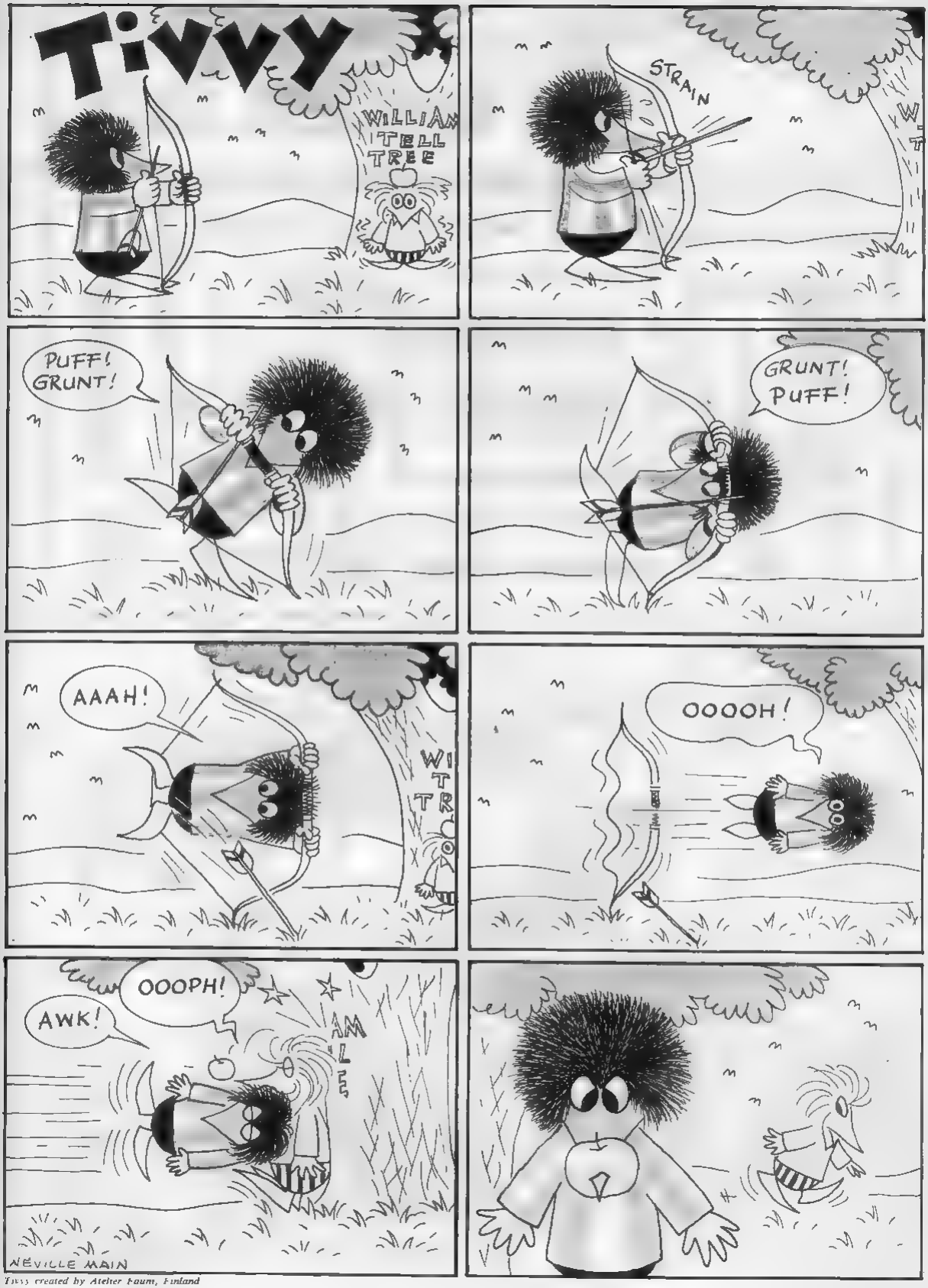
BANG!

HA! HA! HA!
RING-RING!

MAJOR GRUMBLE HERE! I FORGOT TO MENTION— DON'T FIRE THAT ELEPHANT GUN— IT'S NOT SAFE!
NOW HE TELLS ME!



SHEER-LUCK HOMES



Tivvy created by Atelier Faum, Finland

beetle bailey

WATCH THIS
AHEM!
MORNIN'. HERE TO SEE THE GENERAL!
GULP! I'M.. UH... HERE TO.. UH.. SEE THE..
LISTEN! I'M HERE TO SEE THE...
GOOD MORNING. I'M HERE TO SEE THE GENERAL
THIS IS SILLY! I GOT TO GET A HOLD ON MYSELF!
LOOK AT HIM PRACTICING FOR HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE GENERAL
I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS SCARED OF THE GENERAL
HE'S NOT
BUT HE'S SHY OF THE GENERAL'S SECRETARY!
Mort Walker
3-1

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Dr. Nolan's TELEVARSITY

PETE, the robot, looked surprised at himself. He had a completely new set of feet. Not that Pete could be said ever to have had real feet, for he usually went about on rollers.

But now he did not even have rollers!

Instead, he seemed to be standing on a kind of upside-down saucer. This saucer spread out from his base with a diameter of about seven feet. And Dr. Nolan gazed at it very happily

"My dear Grantham!" he said. "An excellent job. Have you tested it yet?"

"No, sir," said Grantham, the young engineer. "I was leaving that to you, Doctor."

Dr. Nolan looked happier than ever.

As may be remembered, he was the Headmaster of Tele-Varsity, the most modern school in Britain, where everything was done by pressing a button. Robots controlled everything. There was even a moving floor, known as a Travelator, on which the boys travelled along the corridors on their way to classes.

But Pete, the robot, was Dr. Nolan's masterpiece of invention. He was an extraordinary fellow, and he could be controlled either direct or by radio. Padded all over, he had the strength of at least ten men, and he was the real guardian of the college.

No wonder Dr. Nolan was pleased with his latest idea. For Pete had now been rebuilt so that he had become a kind of hovercraft. The saucer-like arrangement at his base was designed to hold an air-cushion so that Pete could move about equally well on land or water.

"And that will save our lawns from being ruined by his rollers," cried Dr. Nolan, rubbing his hands. "Grantham, we must put him on trial immediately."

The young engineer started to press buttons.

It has been said that Pete looked surprised at himself. Of course, a robot cannot really look surprised. But, in rebuilding him, Grantham had given him a surprised sort of look, so that Pete now had raised eyebrows as well as his usual happy grin.

But there was no doubt about the surprised look on the faces of Bodger and Boodle. The two Fourth Formers had been on their way out with fishing rods, anxious to take part in a fishing competition from the pier at Shinglesea, and you might have thought that their eyes were about to drop out.

"W—w—what is it?" Bodger gulped, staring blankly at the new Pete. "W—w—what's happening?"

Boodle didn't know, so he couldn't answer. But he could see that his pal was becoming fascinated by something that didn't really concern him, and this alarmed Boodle.

"It's n—n—nothing to do with us!" he snapped, stuttering from fright rather than surprise. "We've got to catch the last bus to Shinglesea. Stop g—g—goggling and come on!"

Bodger remained where he was. He had always been interested in new inventions, especially when they had buttons to press, and he refused to be dragged away by his pal.

"Lemme alone!" he snorted. "I've got to see this. I want to see what happens."

Boodle groaned inwardly. He knew Bodger. Hardly a day passed but what Bodger "bodged" something, and Boodle was terribly anxious to take part in that fishing competition.

"You're a s—s—silly ass!" he stuttered. "You know we've got to win some money or we shan't have any for our summer holiday. Why d—d—don't you come away?"

At that moment Grantham managed to get the new Pete going. There was a whirring sound as air was drawn down by a fan into the inverted saucer, and Pete rose a good four inches into the air.

Bodger started to chuckle, because the surprised look on Pete's mechanical features seemed more surprised than ever. But then he gave a yell as Pete floated rapidly across the drive towards them.

Pete had been standing on the gravel just outside the main entrance to the school, where

he had been unloaded from the plain van in which Grantham had brought him. But now he floated rapidly up the steps and started to go round and round in circles.

It was on the steps that the two boys had been standing, and they both dived hurriedly out of the way.

"Bodger! Boodle!" shouted Dr. Nolan. "Why are you still here? You know that this half-holiday was given you so that you should all go out!"

Bodger and Boodle knew that very well, but Bodger's curiosity had got him into trouble again.

"Yow!" he howled, as Pete whizzed straight towards him. "Stop him, sir! He'll run me over."

It was unfortunate that Pete was on his first trial, for Grantham did not seem able to control him properly. The young engineer was hurriedly pressing some more buttons on the small transmitter which controlled Pete by radio, and these would probably have been effective if Bodger had not been in the way.

But Bodger was well and truly in the way. As he tried to dodge, the end of his fishing rod, protruding from the bag caught in Pete's headpiece, and this drew the floating robot right after him.

"Yaroooo—o—ooooogh!" Bodger howled again, then did the only thing he could think of to avoid being run down.

He sprang nimbly on to the disc that formed Pete's base.

Now there were two of them going round in circles, Bodger trying to disentangle his fishing rod from Pete's head. Away they went across the lawn, Dr. Nolan shouting, Grantham working frantically at the control set.

"Something's wrong, sir!" cried the engineer. "That's the trouble. That boy's fish-hook must have caught on one of the control knobs."

Boodle groaned for the second time. This was the sort of thing that always happened when Bodger was around.

Bodger was around in more ways than one. Hanging on to Pete with one hand as he stood on the saucer-like base, he went round and round till he was dizzy.

"Help!" he called faintly. "Stop him, somebody."

Dr. Nolan was nearly distracted. He had been hoping to try Pete out in secret, but Bodger had thoroughly spoiled that idea.

"That wretched boy!" groaned the Head. "Why does he always get in my way?"

A moment later Dr. Nolan found that he was in Bodger's way, for Pete had skimmed in a large circle and was now spinning back towards him. Dr. Nolan yelled and tried to duck aside, but this was hopeless with Bodger still struggling with his fishing rod.

By sheer ill-luck the hook on the end of it came away from Pete's head just then and swung round till it caught Dr. Nolan. The result was that the headmaster was hooked like a large fish and dragged several yards through a group of prickly bushes.

At this point it occurred to Bodger to let go of his fishing gear, so Dr. Nolan came to rest on his face. At the same time, Boodle found himself in the path of the spinning robot, and he did the same as Bodger. He jumped on to the base to avoid being run over by it.

Grantham made an unfortunate move. His control set being useless, he put it down and tried to rescue the two boys. But, spinning rapidly, Boodle's fishing bag caught him such a whack on the ear, the engineer nearly turned a somersault and landed on Dr. Nolan.

Dr. Nolan made a sound like a tyre going phut. Moments later, he sat up feebly and tried to think things out.

"What happened?" he asked Grantham.

Grantham was slowly recovering his wits.

"Those boys need a lesson in packing their gear properly," he snapped. "One of them has damaged that robot, and the other has slugged me in the ear."

"Yes, but—but where are they?" groaned Dr. Nolan.

Sitting on the grass, Grantham blinked all round the ground. He rubbed his eyes, then blinked again. The spinning robot, with the two boys

clinging to it, was nowhere to be seen

Grantham gave a yell.

"The gates!" he cried. "They must have gone out of the gates!"

"Oh, no!" gasped Dr. Nolan. "There is no licence yet for hovercraft on the roads. We shall have the police after us."

In times of emergency, Dr. Nolan was able to move fast He ran to his garage. In a few moments he appeared again at the wheel of his car, and Grantham sprang in beside him as the headmaster waved.

"We've got to catch them!" Dr. Nolan gasped. "Those boys may be in danger. Above all, we must stop that robot from travelling on the public highway."

"You've got some hopes," growled Grantham, still rubbing his eye. "They're probably halfway to town by now."

Bodger and Boodle were not really halfway to town. In fact, they were barely halfway across a field. As Grantham had guessed, they had whizzed out of the automatic gates of Televarsity, which always opened when anything approached, and now they were hanging on dizzily as they charged a herd of cows.

The farmer who owned the cows had thought it a peaceful kind of day to have a look round. He had brought his dog with him, a well-behaved animal, but frantic barks from the animal warned him suddenly that the day was not as peaceful as he had supposed.

Whirring towards him was a most peculiar object. It looked like three people on a flying saucer! The farmer thought he was seeing treble, then changed his mind and tried to climb a tree. His dog yelped unhappily and dived into a ditch.

But that was nothing to what happened to the cows. They started a stampede such as is usually only seen in Western films, Pete the robot gliding after them at about thirty miles an hour.

Some confusion resulted in the farmyard. The stampeding herd charged through it, upsetting ducks and pigs, an elderly hen flying for the first time in its life as Pete's saucer tilted slightly and a blast of air lifted the hen off its feet.

"Where are we, Bodge?" Boodle asked unhappily.

"Just missed the pigsty," Bodger gulped. "Thank goodness, we don't want to go through there."

They went through a dustbin instead. The lid flew off with the blast they created, so there was another kind of flying saucer spinning in the farmyard. It struck one of the farmer's men as he came along smoking his pipe, and there was a remarkable alteration in his appearance. Instead of smoking a pipe and wearing a hat, he was wearing a dustbin lid and staring vaguely at a flying pipe.

"W—w—why d—d—don't we jump off?" groaned Boodle, as Pete hovered rapidly out of the farmyard and back to the road

"We c—c—can't!" Bodger stuttered. "We'll be run over. L—l—look at all the traffic!"

Boodle looked—and shuddered. For some reason Pete was heading straight down the road to Shinglesea. The two boys were in a throng of cars and buses, jumping off would have been suicide. They had missed their opportunity.

It was then that Bodger's wits started working again. He took a firm grip of one of Pete's arms and started feeling round the robot's back for the knobs that controlled him.

"I'm going to stop him," Bodger snorted. "That radio set must have been a dud. We'll bring him to a halt and get off safely."

That was the right idea, of course; judged by the reactions of some of the drivers, it wasn't a moment too soon. One car had run on to the pavement, another seemed to have got tangled up with a lamppost. But so far, nobody had been hurt, and Bodger was doing the right thing in trying to stop the robot.

It was a pity, though, that he did not understand the controls. The first knob he pressed caused Pete to whizz in circles round a policeman on point duty. The officer had been holding out his hand to stop the traffic, but Bodger's knob

pressing started Pete doing some handwork as well.

Still grinning happily, Pete seized the policeman's hand and shook it in passing. The dazed officer was left spinning in circles on his own, meantime Bodger tried hurriedly to find a different knob to press.

The boys were now nearing the town. They were in Shinglesea High Street, a very busy place, and Boodle shut his eyes as they went up over the pavement.

"We're going into the bank!" he groaned.

So they were. There was a gentle upslope to the doors, which Pete rode gracefully,then the doors burst open and the boys and the hovering robot were in Shinglesea's most important building.

Not for long, of course, because Pete still had a habit of spinning. He rocked around for a bit on his saucer, gusts of air blowing a shower of banknotes over a cashier, after which he headed for the doors again and chased a man in a bowler hat who was trying to get in.

The High Street was in confusion. People were scattering in every direction. The police officer was blowing his whistle, but this did not do much good. Bodger was the only one who had a chance to put things right, and Bodger worked Pete's controls in desperation.

"I think I've got it!" he gasped. "It's this big lever down here. If I push this down I - - - Yarooo—o—oooooogh!"

Bodger broke off with a wild yell. The lever he had pushed had set Pete working in his old style. Both his arms came up and his iron grip fastened on the boys. Pete was grasping them so that they couldn't jump off if they tried!

It was an exciting moment. His speed seemed to increase and he whizzed off round a side turning, heading again for open country. This was a good thing in a way, but Bodger and Boodle nearly fainted when they realised what sort of open country it was.

"The cliffs!" Boodle yelled. "He's going straight for the cliffs!"

"Goo'bye, Boodle!" groaned Bodger. "Hold on tight, an' we may be all right."

"You s—s—silly ass!" wailed Boodle. "I d—d—don't want to hold on — — — I w—w—want to let go. B—b—but he's holding on to me!"

Pete did a bit of spinning as he neared the cliff edge. Then he floated happily out into space, and both boys shut their eyes.

Meantime, Dr. Nolan had been driving fast. He had had quite an argument with the farmer whose field he crossed, trying to follow Pete, and this had delayed him somewhat.

"I'll have the law on you!" shouted the farmer in a rage. "Making that horrible object chase my cows. You've put 'em off milking for a week."

"My—er—dear sir," gulped Dr. Nolan. "It was quite an accident, I assure you. We—we are trying to stop that—er—object. Will you kindly tell us which way it went?"

"I'll tell 'ee which way it went!" raved the farmer. "It went through my farmyard. An' look what it done to poor old George! It done him in with a dustbin."

Feeling that nothing could be gained by argument, Dr. Nolan drove on. He reached Shinglesea, where several bank officials and a policeman were waiting for him. They all knew Dr. Nolan.

"A most serious offence, sir," snorted the officer. "A new kind o' bank holdup in my opinion—a-blowing notes outa windows by means of a strange object. We dunno whether we've collected 'em all."

Dr. Nolan felt faint. When Pete had gone through the bank, his air-blast had blown banknotes out of an open window, and everybody was in a state about it. Honest people had been collecting them and returning them, but nobody knew how many had disappeared.

Dr. Nolan stuttered.

"I assure you, I w—w—will make good any loss, sir. Really, I am more worried about those two boys. Could you tell me, please, in what direction they were heading when last seen?"

The policeman looked grim.

"We've had a report, sir. When last seen, they seemed to think they had a real flying saucer. They were floating out over the cliffs along by the pier. I don't know where they are now, sir. They haven't been seen since."

It seemed the end to Dr. Nolan. He knew all about hovercraft,and knew they could not safely float off the edge of a cliff. The cushion of air on which they float is effective only a few inches above

ground. And the cliffs at Shinglesea along by the pier are nearly two hundred feet above the sands.

"Oh, dear, Grantham!" he groaned. "Whatever shall we do. It is all my fault. Those two boys must be smashed to pieces."

Dr. Nolan was slightly mistaken. There was no smashing effect as far as Bodger and Boodle were concerned. They had landed with a mild bump on a ledge about ten feet below the cliff edge, and the shock seemed to have stunned Pete temporarily. His whirring had stopped for the moment, and he was no longer blowing air into his saucer to form a cushion. Therefore he was quite stationary.

Boodle opened his eyes cautiously to look down on the beach some two hundred feet below. A faint squawk escaped him, and he was glad that Pete still had a good grip on him. The shock did not seem to have affected Pete's arms.

Bodger took a deep breath and gave his opinion on the matter.

"This is where we get off, chum. All I gotta do now is move that lever up again so that we— — — —"

"Don't you dare!" howled Boodle. "You don't know what you're doing. If you touch anything, this crazy thing will probably jump straight off with us."

Bodger gazed coldly at his chum.

"Are you suggesting," he inquired, "that we stay here for the rest of our lives? I know which lever I moved when he suddenly grabbed us, and I moved it down. I'm telling you, what I've got to do now is move it up again."

If Boodle hadn't been gripped firmly by Pete, there would probably have been a fight. Boodle would have fought for his life with his pal Bodger. But Boodle couldn't move. Pete's grip was like a grip of ten. Finding this out, Boodle suddenly started to grin.

"Okay, Bodge," he said. " See if you can get at that lever."

A most bewildered expression crossed Bodger's features as he tried to get at the lever. Pete had such a grip on him he could hardly move. After trying for a bit, Bodge gave up and tried to think what to do next. It was while he was doing so that his attention was attracted to something that was happening out at sea. From their high position on the cliff ledge, the boys could see for a great distance. And, about a mile off-shore, some children in a rowing boat were signalling frantically. They were waving oars, and they seemed to be shouting.

Bodger stared intently at them.

"They're sinking!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Look, that boat's right down in the water."

"Why doesn't somebody go to the rescue?" gasped Boodle.

"Because nobody can see them!" snapped Bodger. "Not down there. An' nobody can hear either, owing to all the noise and that fun fair."

Bodger was right. Nobody had seen the signals of the children, and Bodger suddenly came to a great decision.

"Chum," he said, " I can't reach that lever, but I can reach some of these buttons. We're going down to the rescue. This ledge goes right down like a path—only it gets a bit narrow," he added thoughtfully.

Boodle opened his mouth to protest, then shut his eyes instead. As Bodger pressed buttons, Pete's self-starter whirred, and the robot lifted and rocked on the ledge.

"Lean over your way!" Bodger yelled. "You're nearer the cliff."

Boodle leaned as far as he could towards the cliff. Slowly at first, then gathering speed, Pete floated down the path. But not all the way down it,

for it was so narrow in places he dropped a few feet until he found another ledge.

The boys were jolted about considerably, so much so, in fact, that Bodger found he could suddenly reach the lever that controlled Pete's grip. All of a sudden, as they spun out on to the beach, they found they were free to jump off if they wanted to do so.

But neither boy jumped. Each clung on grimly while Bodger experimented with the controls. Bodger was trying to steer the robot out over the sea. People on the beach stared in astonishment as Pete hovered around blowing up dry sand in puffs with his air blast, then everybody stood up as he suddenly floated out over the water.

Here Pete seemed to be much happier, although the same cannot be said for Boodle. Boodle could not believe that Pete would really float, and he was holding on solely from a sense of duty. Some children were out there in danger in a small boat, and Boodle plucked up courage and let Bodger do as he thought fit.

"I'm getting the hang of these knobs now," said Bodger happily. "I always knew I could learn how to press buttons. Look how we're whizzing along. We'll be there in no time."

"I h—h—hope we can get back some time," stuttered Boodle.

Splashing finely, leaving a white trail of foam behind him, Pete headed seawards at the rate of knots. Both boys looked out eagerly for the children they had seen from the top of the cliffs in the sinking boat.

At first they could not find them. The boat had sunk so low in the water it was almost invisible. But Bodger suddenly gave a shout.

"There they are!"

There were three children in the boat, two boys and a girl, all quite young, and Bodger realised that they must have drifted out by accident, for nobody would let such young children be out in a boat on their own.

"Here you are!" Bodger yelled, doing his best to bring Pete alongside. "Grab what you can."

"My fishing lines!" cried Boodle. "We can throw them a line."

Bodger blinked admiringly at his pal. He had had the right idea. Rapidly Boodle dragged line from the reel in his bag, and presently he was hauling the children towards him as they held on to it.

"Well, it's not the sort of fishing we came to do," said Bodger, "but I'm glad we could do it."

Then he used the lever again, properly this time, so that Pete held firmly on to the children. Back he came towards the beach, and people started to cheer when they saw the smiling robot engaged in rescue work.

Dr. Nolan could hardly believe his eyes. He had driven down to the beach expecting to find an awful smash. Instead, he found everybody wanting to shake his hand for what they thought was a magnificent performance.

Bodger and Boodle were given some handshakes as well. Nobody thought they had arrived by mistake. They were made to feel more like heroes.

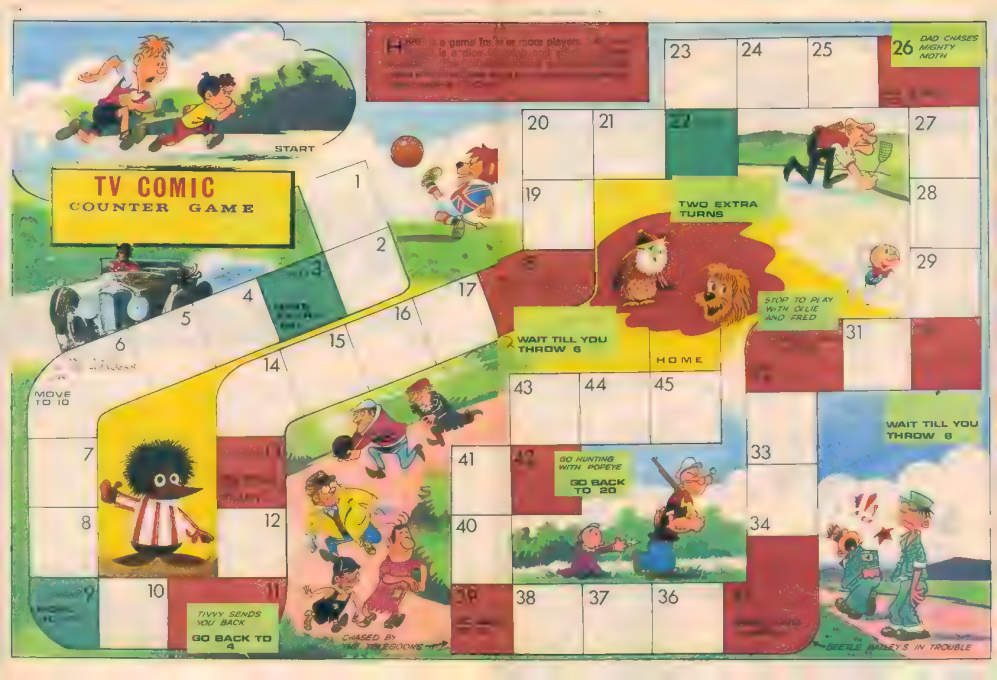
"I—I really don't know how you did it, Bodger," said Dr. Nolan.

"He doesn't know himself, sir," put in Boodle, while Bodger was trying to look modest, and Bodger gave his pal a dark look.

"I found out, though, didn't I?" he snorted. "I found out how to work the controls."

Dr. Nolan had no further trouble with the bank and the policeman. Everybody felt that his "hovering" robot was a good idea, although they insisted that he should keep it off the roads in future.

Best of all, though, in the opinion of Bodger and Boodle, was the collection that the angling club took up for them. For, though they didn't win any prizes, they had all the money they wanted for a very good summer holiday.


TV COMIC
COUNTER GAME
START
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17
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21
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23
24
25
26 DAD CHASES MIGHTY MOTH
27
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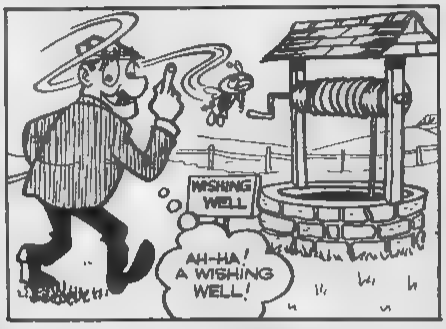
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
TWO EXTRA TURNS
STOP TO PLAY WITH OLLIE AND FRED
WAIT TILL YOU THROW 6
HOME
MOVE TO 10
GO HUNTING WITH POPEYE
GO BACK TO 20
WAIT TILL YOU THROW 6
TIVVY SENDS YOU BACK
GO BACK TO 4
CHASED BY THE TOREGOONS
BEERLE BAILEY'S IN TROUBLE

MIGHTY MOTH

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE, QUIET COUNTRY WALK!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, DAD! ISN'T IT SMASHING?
HIM!

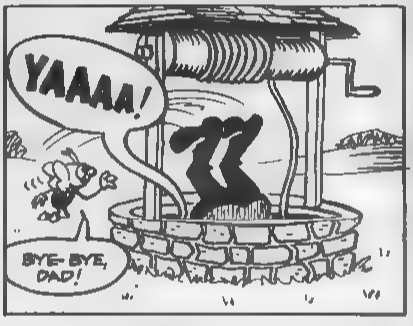
I WISH I COULD GET RID OF THAT MOTH!

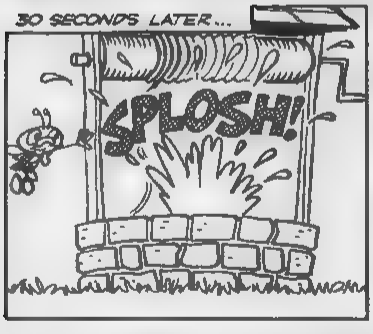

WISHING WELL
AH-HA! A WISHING WELL!

LOOK DOWN THERE, MOTH!

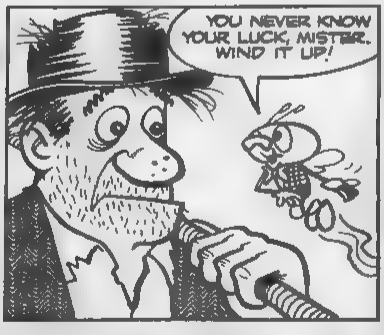
WHAT IS IT?

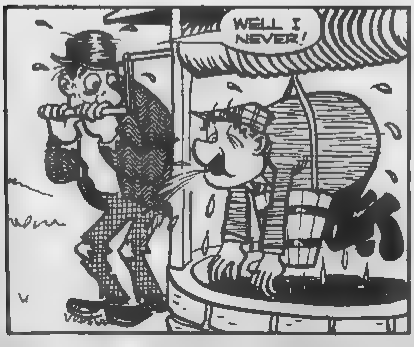
SWIPE!
MISSED!


YAAAA!
BYE-BYE, DAD!


30 SECONDS LATER...
SPLOSH!

COO! A WISHING WELL! I WISH I HAD SOME NEW CLOTHES!


YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK, MISTER. WIND IT UP!

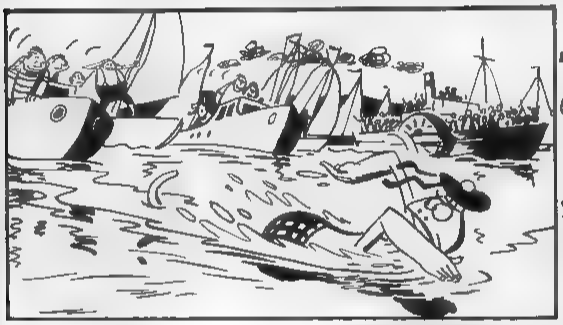

WELL I NEVER!

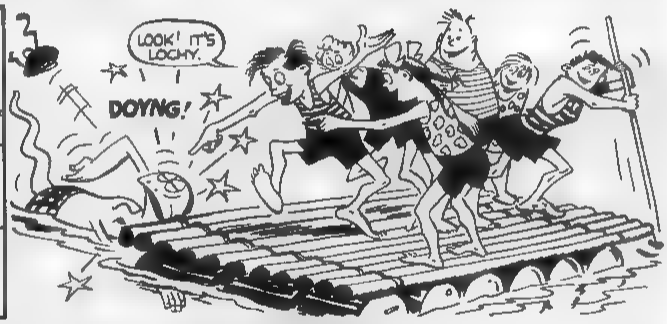
THESE CLOTHES WILL SOON DRY OUT IN THE SUN.

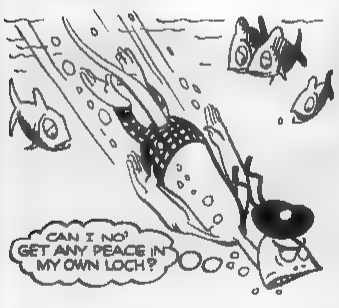
NEVER MIND, DAD. AT LEAST THAT SUIT IS SAFE. NO SELF-RESPECTING MOTH WOULD EAT IT!
Dick Millington

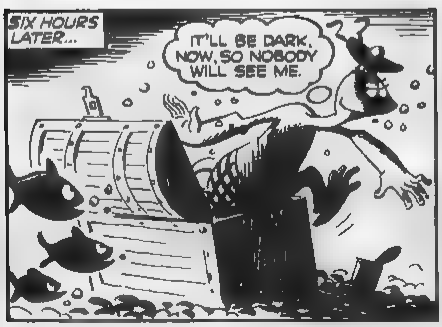
LOCHY

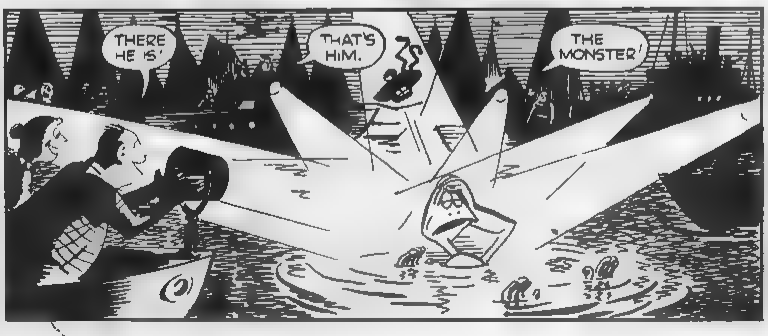
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER



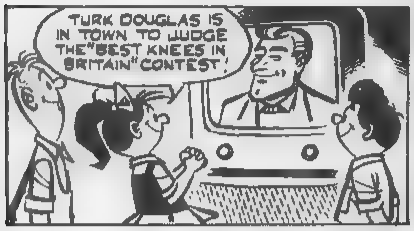






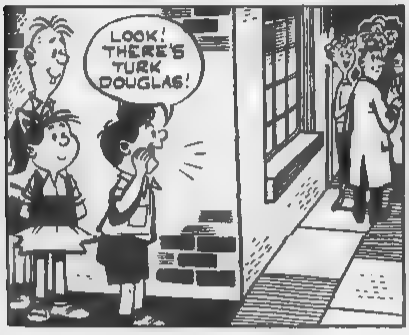


TV TERRORS


TURK DOUGLAS IS IN TOWN TO JUDGE THE "BEST KNEES IN BRITAIN" CONTEST!

COME ON! TURK DOUGLAS IS GREAT! WE MUST GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

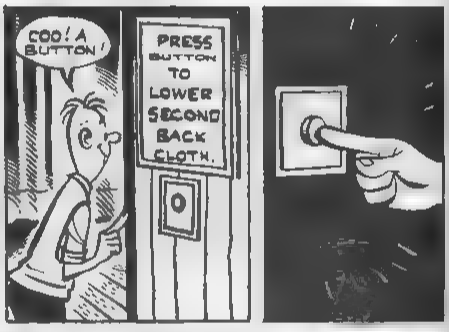
TV STUDIO.
TURK DOUGLAS, JUDGES THE "BEST KNEES IN BRITAIN" CONTEST,
LEAVE IT TO ME!
WE'LL NEVER GET IN WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE.


LOOK! THERE'S TURK DOUGLAS!

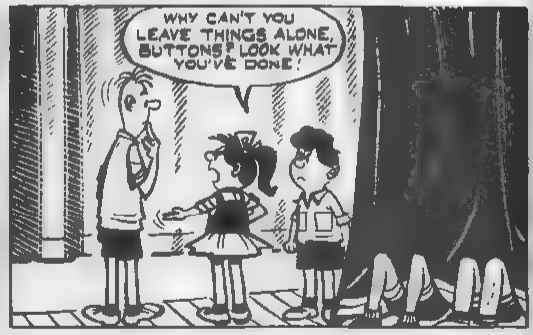
WHERE'S TURK!
HE'S UP THERE!
TURK! TURK!

TV STUDIO
YOU ARE CLEVER, CUTHBERT!
HEE! HEE!

I'M SURE TO WIN!
OH YEAH? MY KNEES ARE BETTER THAN YOURS


COO! A BUTTON!
PRESS BUTTON TO LOWER SECOND BACK CLOTH.
0

OW!
UGH!


WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE THINGS ALONE, BUTTONS? LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

THOSE ARE THE BEST KNEES I'VE SEEN FOR YEARS! RAISE THE CURTAIN!

YOU'RE THE WINNERS AND YOU RECEIVE FIRST PRIZE, AN EVENING OUT WITH ME!

I THOUGHT YOUR LAST PICTURE WAS GREAT MR. DOUGLAS!
YUM! THIS ICE CREAM IS GREAT! TOO!

POPEYE
WHEEEE!! POPEYE IS HOME!
HI, POPEYE!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
HOW ARE YOU?
I MISSED YOU!
?
?
OKAY! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES!
NO!
I SAID NO!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND YOU SHOULD BE OUTSIDE!
SUNSHINE AN' FRESH AIR IS WHAT LITTLE KIDS NEED!! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO STAY INDOORS TODAY!
ON A GORGEOUS DAY LIKE THIS A BOY SHOULD GO FISHIN'!
OR TO THE MOVIES!
NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME! I KNOW BEST...WE ARE GOIN' FISHIN'!!
!
WIPE THAT GRIN OFF AN' START FISHIN'!!

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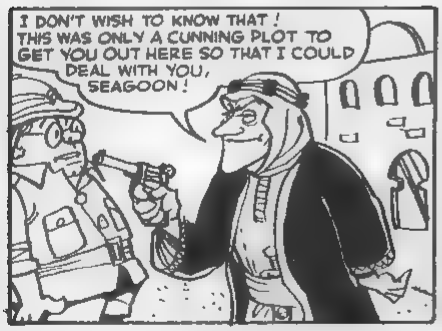
THE TELEGOONS

HALLO! NEDDIE SEAGOON, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE HERE... WHO DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO?
AH! YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO NEDDIE SEAGOON, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE... I'LL PUT HIM ON!
YOU WANT TO TRANSPORT A CARGO OF FROZEN FISH ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT TO A TOWN CALLED 'EL FRED'... EH? I'LL DO IT!

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW, MORIARTY, IT IS ONLY A CUNNING PLOT... SO THAT I CAN RID THE WORLD OF NEDDIE SEAGOON IN THE COMFORT OF A QUIET DESERT!

SOMEWHERE IN THE SAHARA DESERT, NEDDIE AND HIS CAMEL TRAIN OF TRAINED CAMELS, PLODDED TOWARDS THE TOWN OF 'EL FRED'...
WHOOPS...DER... THESE FISH ARE SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS, NEDDIE!
KEEP A GRIP ON YOURSELF, ECCLES... AND THE FISH!
WATER

WELCOME TO 'EL FRED'
HALLO, SEAGOON... I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE FISH WITH YOU!
I'M AFRAID I'VE ONLY GOT FRIED FISH LEFT... WILL YOU TAKE 'EM AS THEY ARE... OR SHALL I WRAP THEM IN THIS OLD COPY OF THE 'SAHARA SUN'!
THE SAHARA SUN



BUT A DASHING WARRIOR WAS WATCHING, FROM A LOFTY PERCH...
BLUEBOTTLE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE 'DESERT HAWK'... SHALL GO TO AID MY CAPITAIN!

I'VE BEEN DEADED!
WELL DONE, SMALL FRIEND... YOU SEE I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A PLOT TO GET ME OUT HERE... WHO EVER HEARD OF FROZEN FISH IN A DESERT?
FROZEN FISH... FISH FOR SALE!

BEETLE BAILEY

HEY! THOSE TWO HAVEN'T CHECKED IN YET!
WHEN THEY GET HERE THEY'LL WISH THEY'D NEVER COME BACK!
TWO HOURS LATE! OKAY... LET'S HEAR THE EXCUSES!!
HONEST, SARGE, THE FUNNIEST THING HAPPENED TO US
YEAH
WE WERE WAITING FOR THE BUS WHEN AN OFFICER STOPPED AND OFFERED US A RIDE
EXCEPT IT TURNS OUT HE'S NOT AN OFFICER AT ALL.. HE'S A THEATER USHER!
GOING THE WRONG WAY! WE LAUGHED TILL WE CRIED
BY THE TIME WE GOT BACK TO THE BUS DEPOT OUR BUS HAD LEFT!
I GUESS SARGE DIDN'T BELEIVE OUR STORY!

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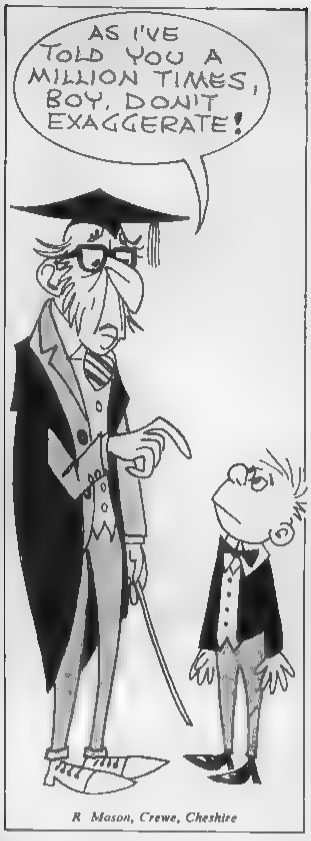

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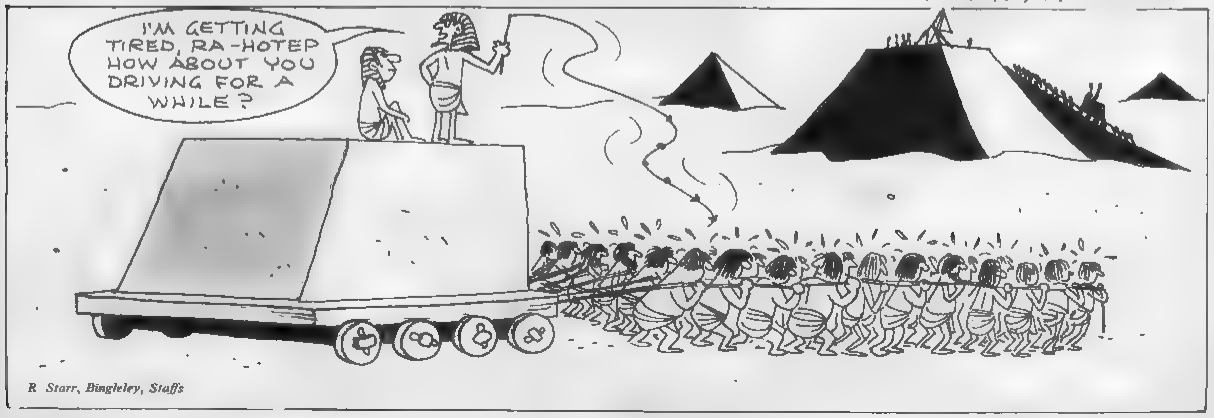


R. Starr, Bingley, Staffs

MIGHTY MOTH

THIS IS TERRIBLE! EVERYWHERE I GO, THAT MOTH'S FLUTTERING ARDUND ME!

I KNOW — I'LL HIRE A BODYGUARD!
IVOR CLUE DETECTIVE AGENCY
BODYGUARDS PROVIDED

GOOD MORNING. I'D LIKE A BODYGUARD TO KEEP THIS MOTH AWAY!
CERTAINLY, SIR.

THIS IS ONE OF OUR LATEST MODELS — ANSWERS TO THE NAME OF GUS.

DO YOUR STUFF, GUS!

OKAY, INSECT! GIT MOVIN'!
BANG!
I — I I'M GOING!!
WHIP!

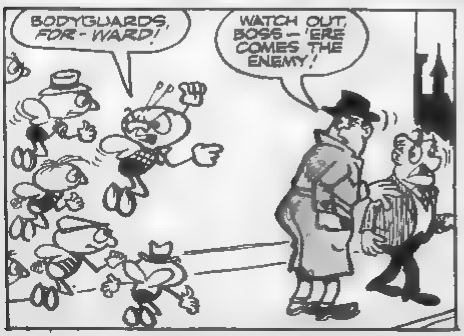
THIS IS GREAT! FREE AT LAST!

THAT NIGHT...
ER...TIME FOR BED... YOU CAN... ER... GO NOW, GUS!

SORRY, BOSS. MY ORDERS ARE NOT TO LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT!

I CAN'T SLEEP A WINK WITH HIM HOVERING OVER ME!

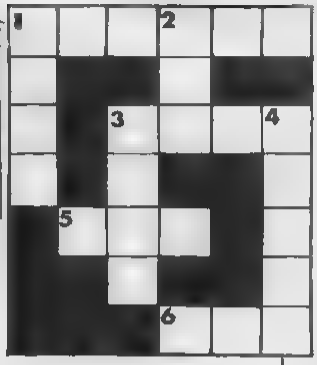
NEXT DAY...
I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER! IF ONLY HE'D GO AWAY!


BODYGUARDS, FOR-WARD!
WATCH OUT, BOSS — 'ERE COMES THE ENEMY!

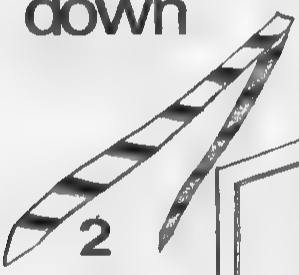
YOW! LET ME BE!
BIFF!
HOLD THAT!
BITE!
PUSH!

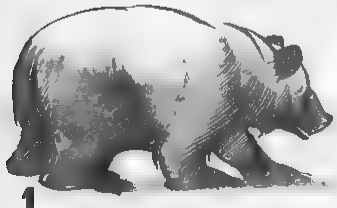
YA! MUM!
YIPEE! IT'S GRAND TO BE FREE AGAIN!!
Mick Anglo

OLLIE & FRED'S crossword



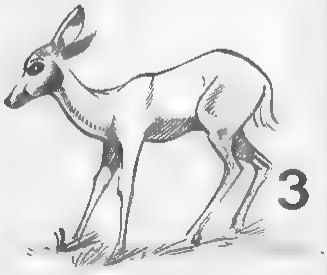
clues down

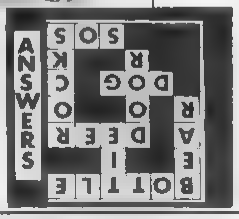


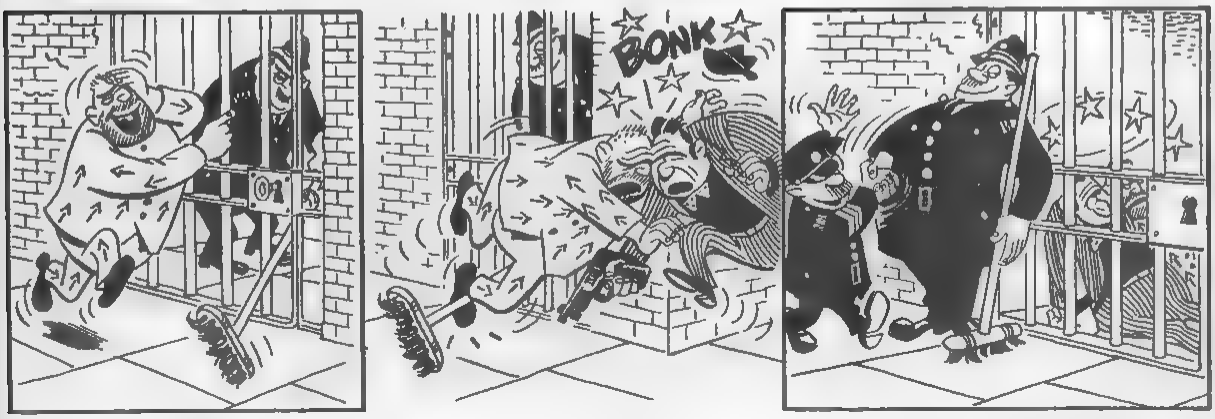


clues across

6

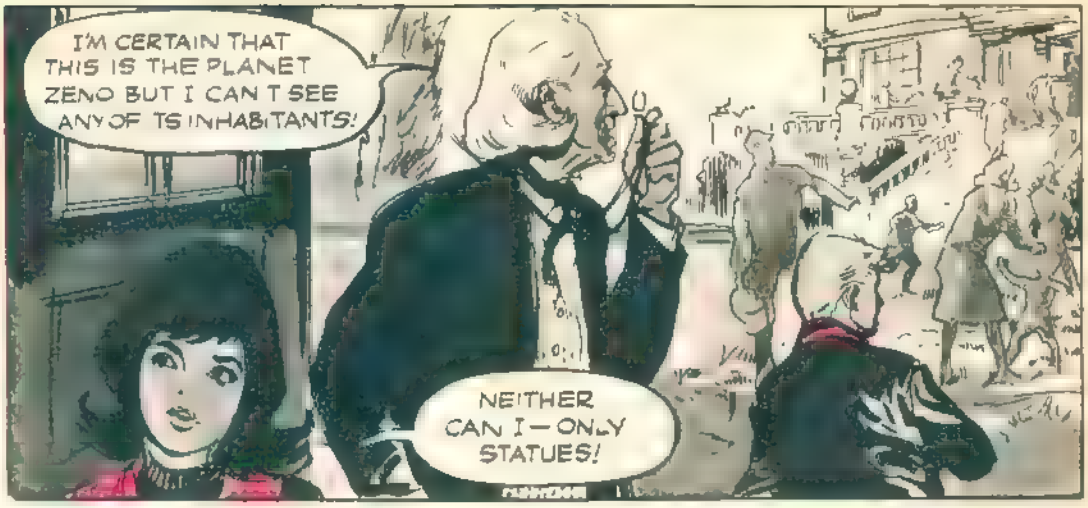


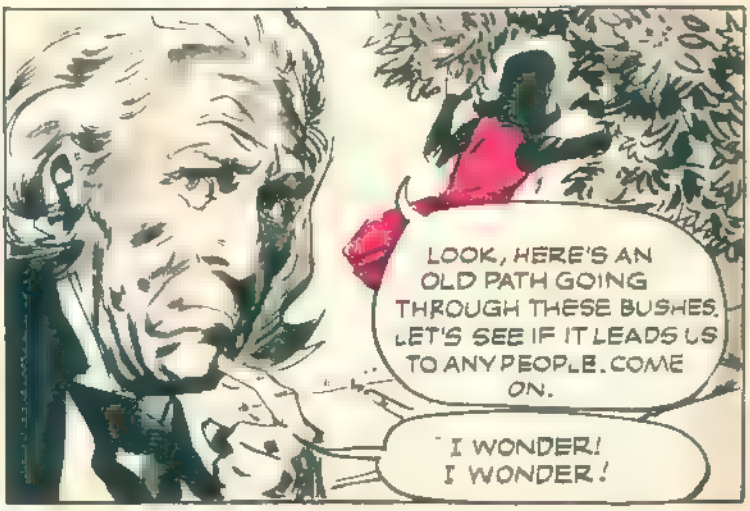


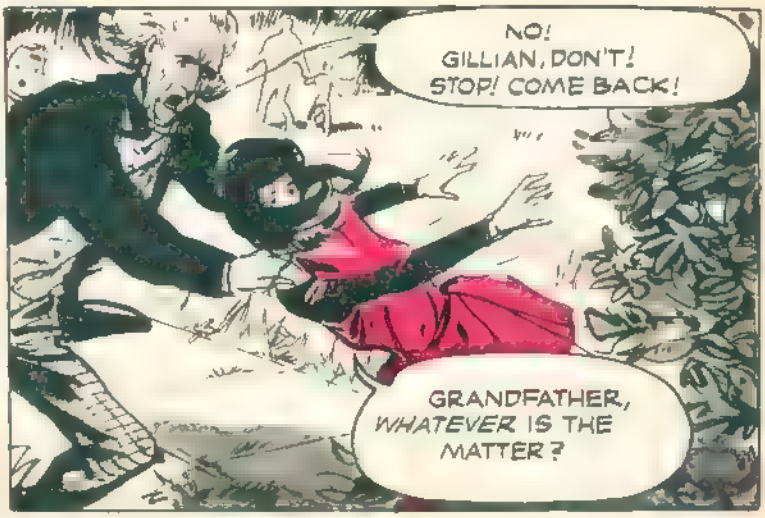


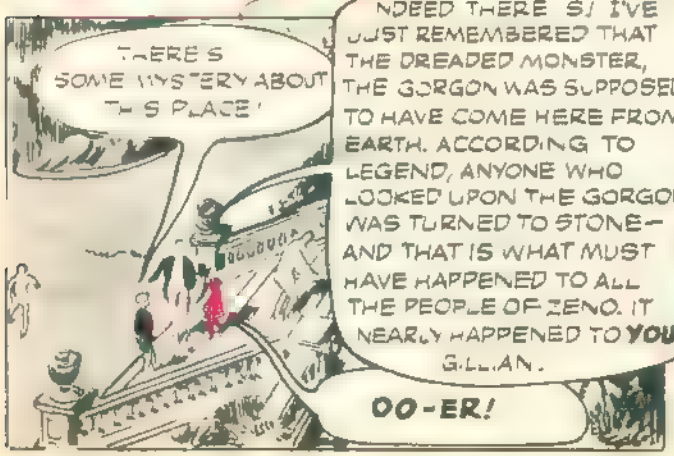
DOCTOR WHO

THE TARDIS HAS BROUGHT THE THREE ADVENTURERS TO THE STRANGE PLANET OF ZENO...





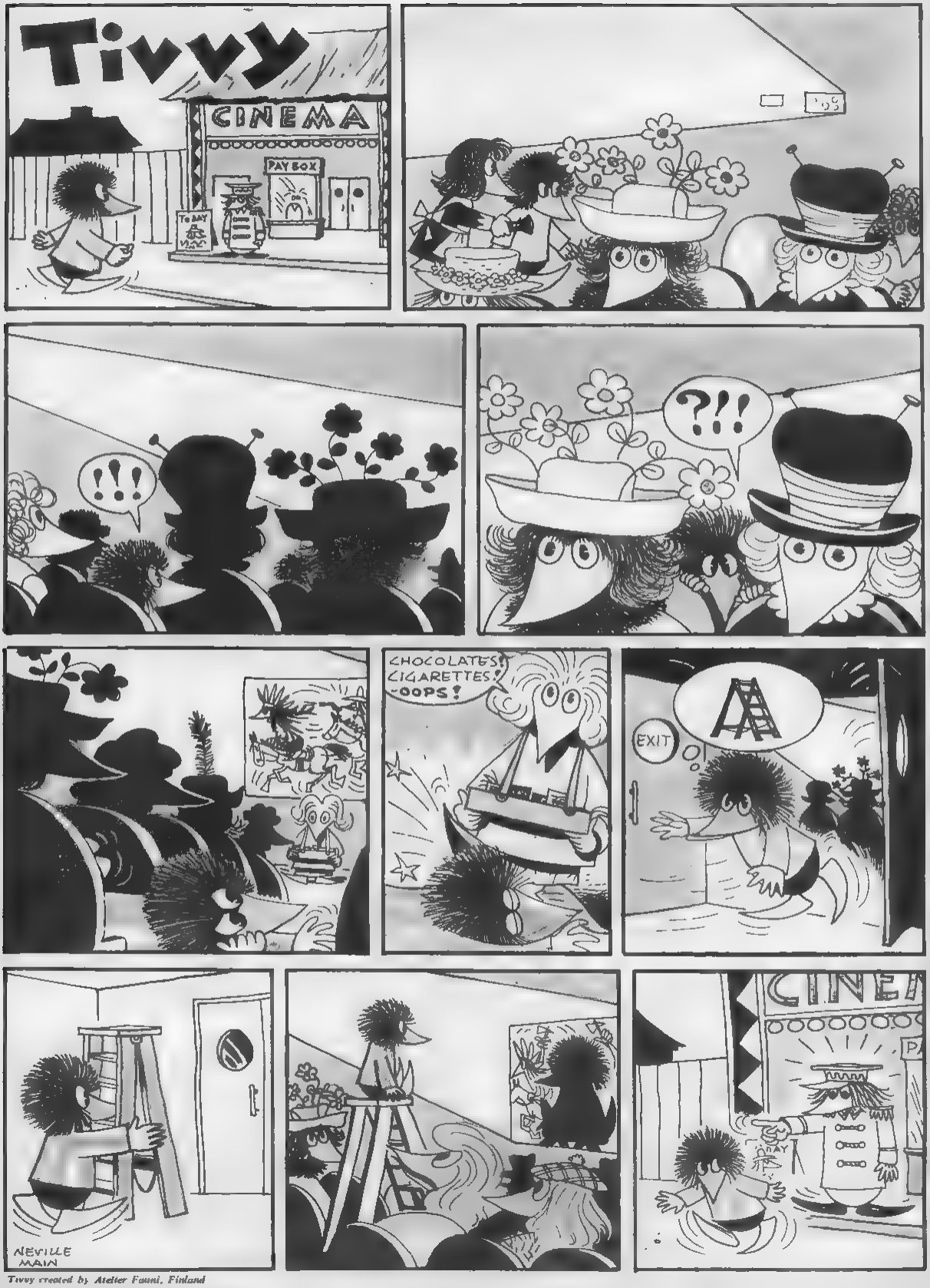



THERE'S SOME MYSTERY ABOUT THIS PLACE!
INDEED THERE IS! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED THAT THE DREADED MONSTER, THE GORGON WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE COME HERE FROM EARTH. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ANYONE WHO LOOKED UPON THE GORGON WAS TURNED TO STONE — AND THAT IS WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF ZENO. IT NEARLY HAPPENED TO YOU GILLIAN.
OO-ER!

THIS IS ONE WAY OF BEING SURE WE DON'T SEE IT!
EXACTLY! BLINDFOLD YOURSELVES CAREFULLY, CHILDREN. BUT FIRST, WE NEED A MIRROR.
HERE YOU ARE, GRANDFATHER! HAVE MINE.

© BBC tv 1966

NOW WE MUST GO VERY CAREFULLY AND WHATEVER HAPPENS DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR BLINDFOLDS UNTIL I SAY!
I CAN HEAR A HEAVY BREATHING NOISE! IT'S QUITE NEAR!
SUDDENLY...
OW! HELP! SOMETHING HIT ME! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, GILLIAN, IT'S ONLY A BRANCH! I CAN FEEL IT—BUT DON'T LOOK NOW!
WE'RE JUST ABOUT THROUGH. IT FEELS CLEAR HERE!
AND THEN...
OH DEAR! THAT MUST BE THE GORGON! I'M FRIGHTENED!
A-A-A-H... UGG...!
IT'S QUITE SAFE, CHILDREN YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BLINDFOLDS OFF NOW! THE GORGON HAS LOOKED UPON ITSELF, THANKS TO OUR MIRROR AND IT HAS TURNED TO STONE!
I HOPE IT REALLY IS SAFE!
GOLLY!
JUST THEN...
O, THANK YOU, SIR! YOU HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES! WE ARE THE LAST PEOPLE LEFT ON ZENO AND HAVE BEEN FORCED TO LIVE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE GORGON! NOW WE ARE FREE!
SO THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE, AFTER ALL!
NOW WE HAVE DISPOSED OF THE GORGON, CHILDREN, I THINK WE CAN BE ON OUR WAY!
I HOPE I NEVER LAY EYES ON ANOTHER OF THOSE GORGONS!
...NOT UNLESS IT'S A STONE ONE!

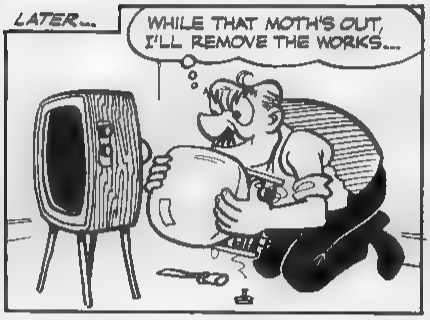


Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

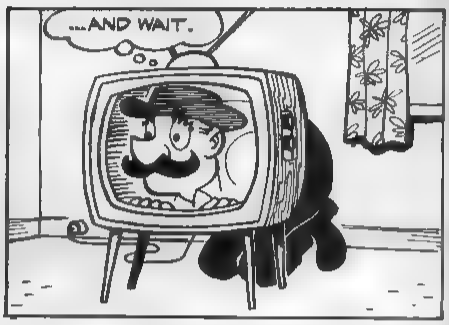
MIGHTY MOTH

PUFF! PANT!
HA! HA! CAN'T CATCH ME!

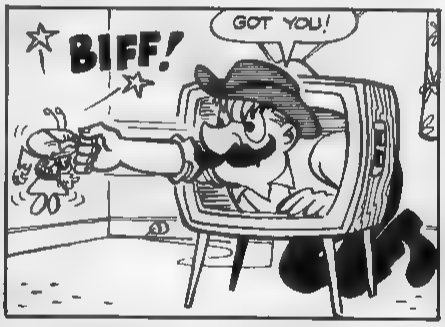
HE LOVES WATCHING COWBOYS ON TELEVISION. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!


LATER...
WHILE THAT MOTH'S OUT, I'LL REMOVE THE WORKS...

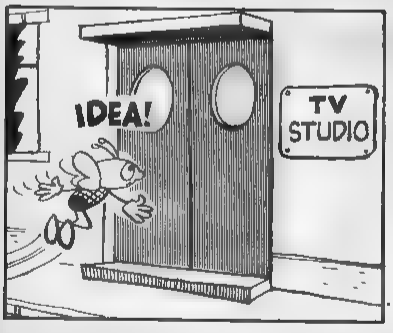
...PUT ON MY DISGUISE...


...AND WAIT.

GOODIE! COWBOYS ON TELEVISION! I MUST WATCH THIS.

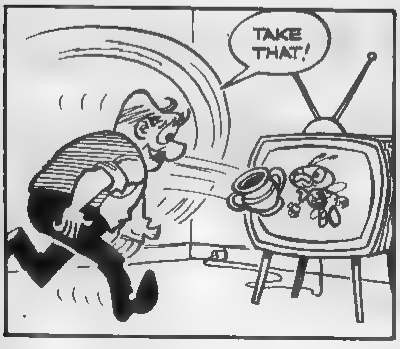

BIFF!
GOT YOU!

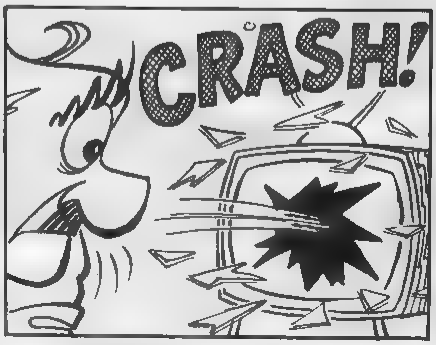
HO! HO! HO! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE ON TELEVISION!


IDEA!
TV STUDIO

I'LL JUST GET IN FRONT OF THIS CAMERA!
T.V
Dick Millington

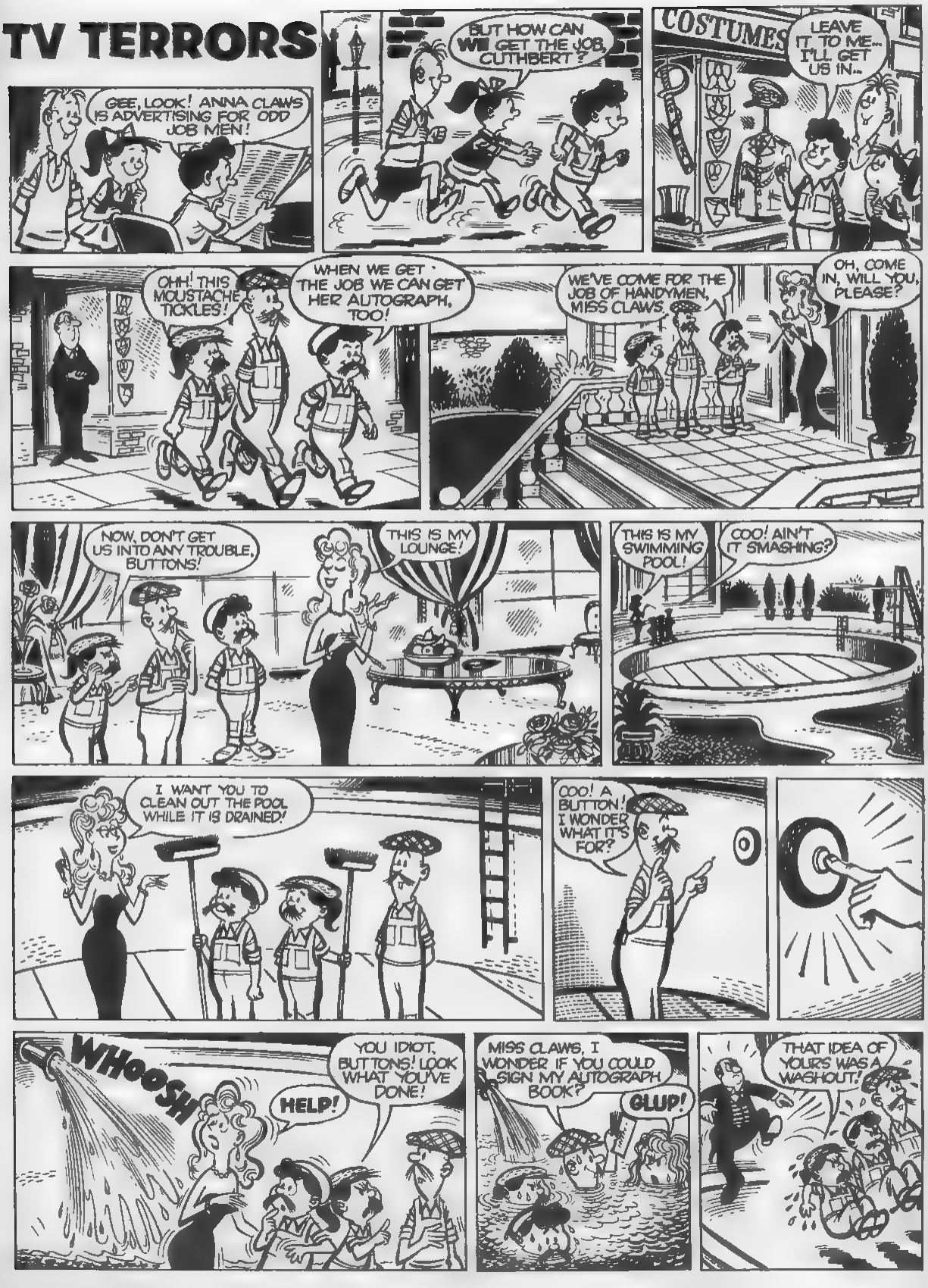
AT HOME...
AH! SO HE'S TRYING MY TRICK, EH?


TAKE THAT!


CRASH!

HEH! HEH! LET'S-ER-LISTEN TO THE RADIO TONIGHT!

TV TERRORS

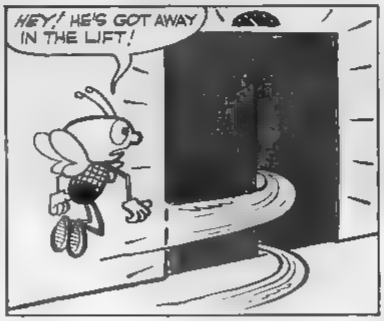

GEE, LOOK! ANNA CLAWS IS ADVERTISING FOR ODD JOB MEN!
BUT HOW CAN WE GET THE JOB, CUTHBERT?
COSTUMES
LEAVE IT TO ME... I'LL GET US IN...
OHH! THIS MOUSTACHE TICKLES!
WHEN WE GET THE JOB WE CAN GET HER AUTOGRAPH, TOO!
WE'VE COME FOR THE JOB OF HANDYMEN, MISS CLAWS
OH, COME IN, WILL YOU, PLEASE?
NOW, DON'T GET US INTO ANY TROUBLE, BUTTONS!
THIS IS MY LOUNGE!
THIS IS MY SWIMMING POOL!
COO! AIN'T IT SMASHING?
I WANT YOU TO CLEAN OUT THE POOL WHILE IT IS DRAINED!
COO! A BUTTON! I WONDER WHAT IT'S FOR?
WHOOSH
HELP!
YOU IDIOT, BUTTONS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
MISS CLAWS, I WONDER IF YOU COULD SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?
GLUP!
THAT IDEA OF YOURS WAS A WASHOUT!

MIGHTY MOTH

THAT MOTH'S EATEN MY BEST SUIT! I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE AND GET ONE OFF THE PEG!

IF I DON'T SHAKE HIM OFF, HE'LL EAT MY NEW SUIT BEFORE I GET IT HOME!
LACEY'S DEPARTMENT ST

LET'S SEE IF I CAN GIVE HIM THE SLIP!
GOING UP!

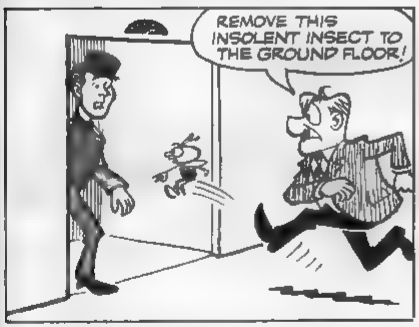

HEY! HE'S GOT AWAY IN THE LIFT!

FOURTH FLOOR. GENT'S CLOTHING!
TEE-HEE-HEE! HE'LL NEVER FIND ME NOW!

HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE BEFORE ME?

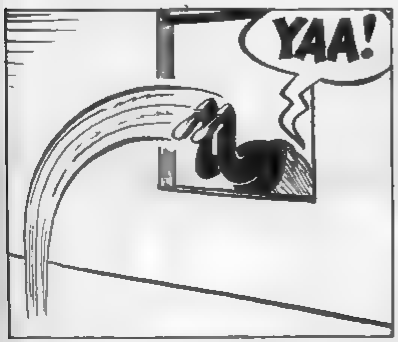
SO...
I RATHER LIKE THE BLUE PIN-STRIPE, DAD. LOOKS TASTY!

TAKE THAT, YOU!

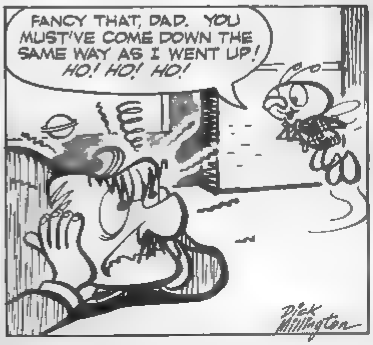

REMOVE THIS INSOLENT INSECT TO THE GROUND FLOOR!

NOW I CAN CHOOSE MY SUIT IN PEACE!

TRIP!


YAA!

RIP!
EPARTMENT STORE
CLUNK!


FANCY THAT, DAD. YOU MUST'VE COME DOWN THE SAME WAY AS I WENT UP! HO! HO! HO!
Dick Millington

POPEYE

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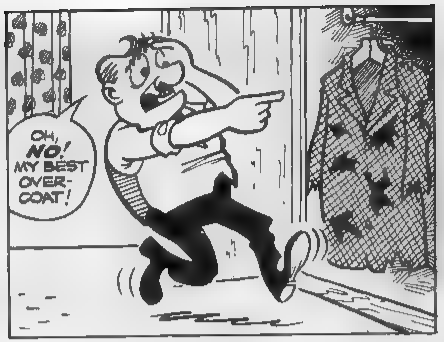
AUTOGRAPH HUNT

ALL you need for this game is a coin. If you throw heads you move one square, if you throw tails you move two squares—the first player to reach 25 is the winner.

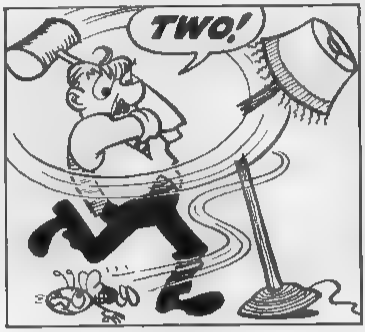
TERRORS FALL DOWN MAN-HOLE, MISS TWO TURNS.
TERRORS DODGE HOPPIT AND GET TV STAR'S AUTOGRAPH!
NNNN
HOPPIT POUNCES, BACK TO 8.
SPOT SHOWS YOU SHORT-CUT TO 19.
HOPPIT'S WATCH-DOG IS ON GUARD, MISS A TURN.
HOPPIT FALLS ASLEEP, ON TO 12.
HOPPIT KICKS YOU BACK TO NUMBER 1.
START
J Eldridge

MIGHTY MOTH

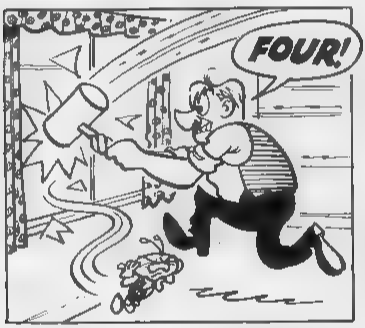

OH, NO! MY BEST OVER-COAT!

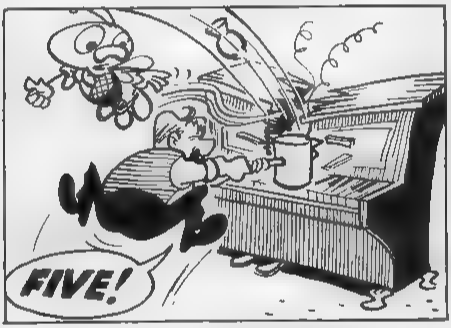
JUST LET ME GET AT THAT MOTH!
TEMPER-TEMPER, DAD! COUNT TEN!

ONE!
MISSED!

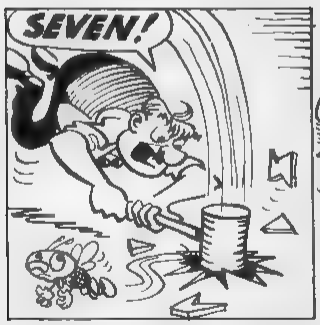

TWO!

THREE!


FOUR!


FIVE!

SIX!


SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

MY BEST ROOM! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I - I CAN EXPLAIN...!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU...!
TEMPER-TEMPER, DEAR... COUNT TEN!
HO! HO! HO!

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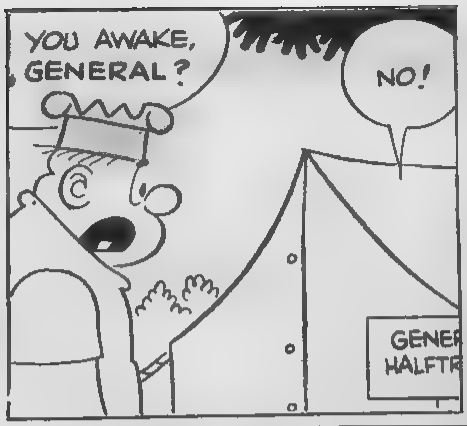
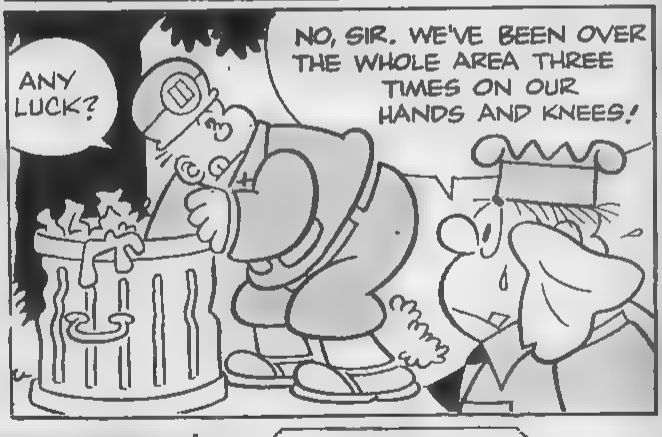
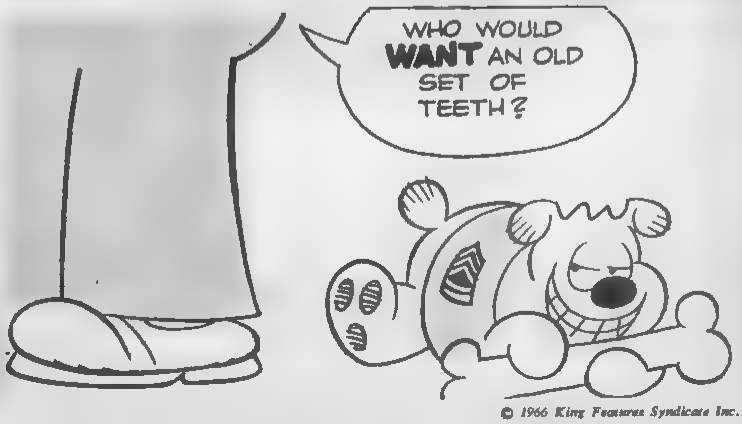
BEETLE BAILEY







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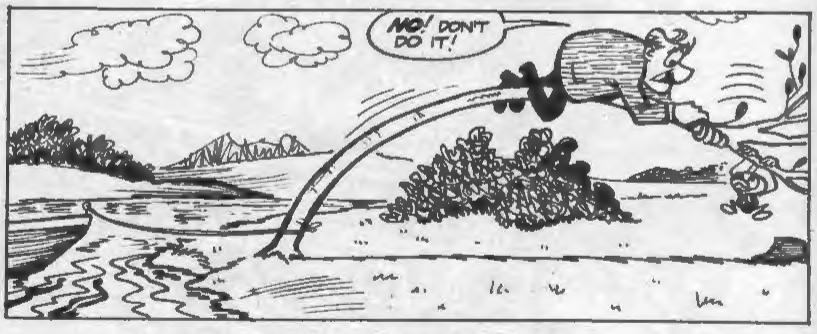
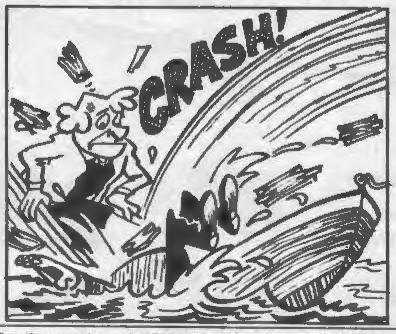
MIGHTY MOTH





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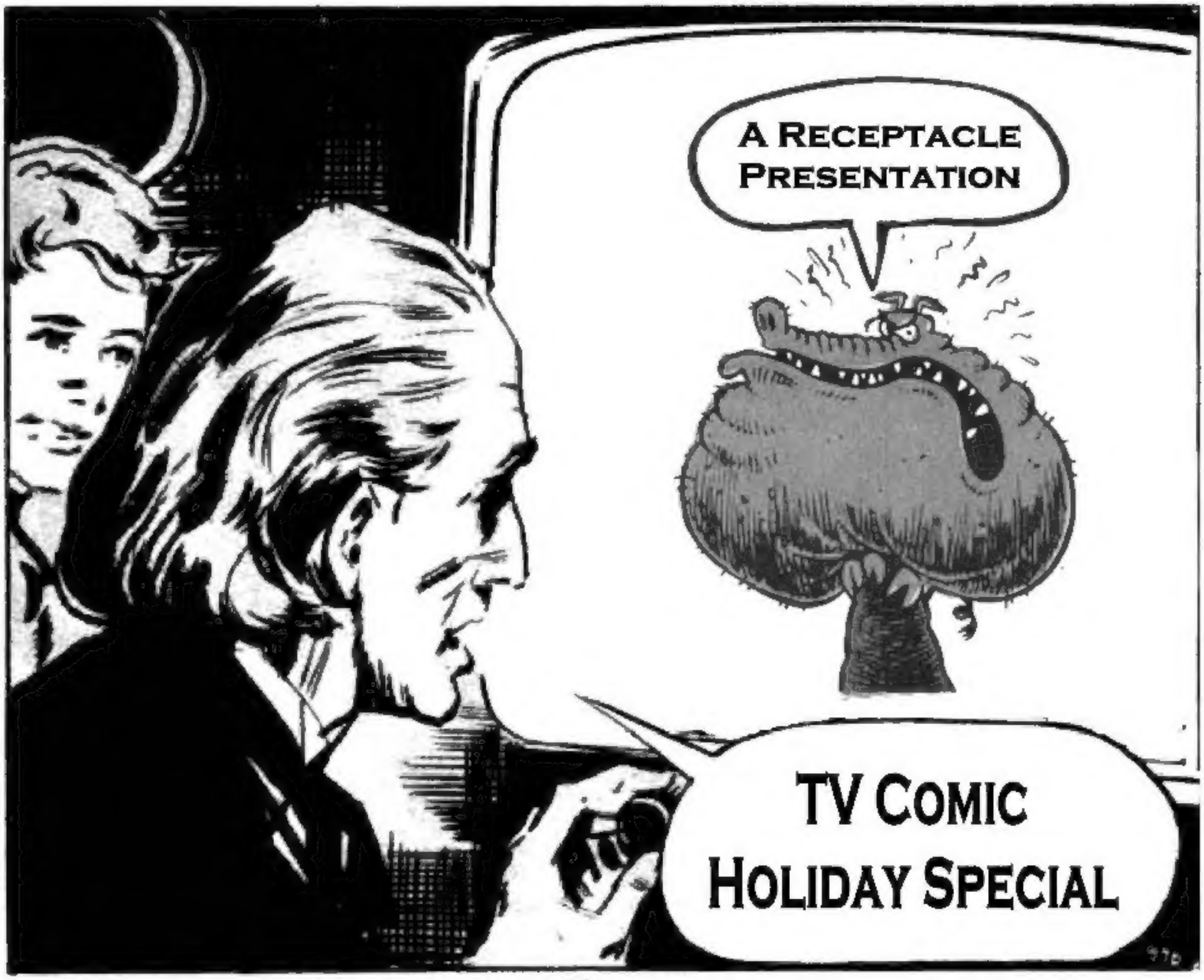

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